

THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

ORIGIN OF COMEDY—ARISTOPHANES—DEATH OF SOCRATES.

THOUGH the term "tragedy" has from the first productions of Æschylus to the present time, been exclusively appropriated to actions of a serious nature and melancholy catastrophe, there is reason to believe that it originally included also exhibitions of a pleasant, or comic kind. The rude satires, and gross mummery which occupied the stage, or rather the cart, of Thespis, were certainly calculated to provoke mirth in the multitude. By what has already been shown, the reader is apprised that the word, in its original sense, bore no relation whatever to those passions and subjects, to the representations of which it is now applied; but meant simply a dramatic action performed at the feast of the goat, in honour of Bacchus. Thus the different provinces of the drama then undistinguished, were confounded under one term, and constituted the prime trunk from which sprung forth the two branches of tragedy and comedy separately—the first in point of time usurping the original title of the parent stock, and retaining it ever after.

Why human creatures should take delight in witnessing fictitious representations of the anguish and misfortunes of their fellow-beings, in tragedy, and, in comedy of those follies, foibles and imperfections which degrade their nature, is a question which many have asked, but few have been able to answer. The facts are admitted. Towards a solution of their causes, let us consider what is said on the subject of tragedy in that invaluable work "A philosophical inquiry into the origin of our ideas of the SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL."

"It is a common observation," says the author, in the chapter on sympathy and its effects, "that objects which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. The satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils which we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings, which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and construction of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us: for I should imagine that the influence of reason, in producing our passions, is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

"To examine this point, concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures, in circumstances of *real* distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the *real* misfortunes and pains of others; for let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case we must have a delight or

pleasure of some species or other in contemplating objects of this kind.

“ Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters, but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close; and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight; and as our creator has designed we should be united by the bond of SYMPATHY, he has strengthened that bond by a proportionable delight; and there most, where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful we should shun with the greatest care all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight. This is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. *The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who*

suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning by an instinct that works us to its own purposes without our concurrence."

The great author then proceeds to illustrate this position further, and after some observations says:

"The nearer tragedy approaches the reality, and the further it removes us from all ideas of fiction, the more perfect is its power. But be its power what it will, it never approaches to what it represents. Choose a day to represent the most sublime and affecting tragedy we have; appoint the most favourite actors; spare no cost upon the scenes and decorations; unite the greatest efforts of poetry, painting and music; and when you have collected your audience, just when their minds are erect with expectation, let it be reported that a state criminal of high rank is on the point of being executed in the adjoining square; in a moment the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts, and proclaim the triumph of the *real* sympathy. This notion of our having a simple pain in the reality, yet a delight in the representation, arises hence, that we do not sufficiently distinguish what we would by no means choose to do, from what we should be eager enough to see, if it was once done. We delight in seeing things which so far from doing, our heartiest wishes would be, to see redressed. This noble capital, the pride of England and of Europe, I believe no man is so strangely wicked as to desire to see destroyed by a conflagration or an earthquake, though he should be removed himself to the greatest distance from the danger. But suppose such a fatal accident to have happened, what numbers from all parts would crowd to behold the ruins, and among them many who would have been content never to have seen London in its glory."

So much for the causes of the pleasure experienced from tragedy. But how are we to account for the delight received from comedy? Some have imagined it to arise from a bad pride which men feel at seeing their fellow-creatures humi-

liated, and the frailties and follies of their neighbours exposed. The fact is indubitable, be the cause what it may. The great moral philosopher quoted above, in another part of his works, shrewdly observes, "In the disasters of their friends, people are seldom wanting in a laudable patience. When they are such as do not threaten to end fatally, they become even matter of pleasantry." The falling of a person in the street, or his plunging into the gutter, excites the laughter of those who witness the accident: but let the fall be dangerous, or let a bone be broke, and then comic feelings give way to the sympathetic emotions which belong to tragedy. On a superficial consideration, the delight we feel in tragedy bears the aspect of a cruel tendency in our hearts, yet it is implanted in us for the purposes of mutual beneficence. The pleasure we feel in comedy, too, looks like a malignity in our nature; but why may not it, like the other, be resolved into an instinct working us to some useful purpose without our concurrence?

The end of comedy, like that of satire, is to correct the disorders of mankind by exhibiting their faults and follies in ridiculous and contemptible attitudes. The tendency we feel to laugh at each other's foibles, or at those misadventures which denote weakness in us, being implanted by the hands of Providence, was no doubt given to us for special purposes of good; and in all probability to make men without the least intervention of will or reason, moral guides and instructors to each other. It is allowed by the soundest philosophers that ridicule has a much better effect in curing the vices and imperfections of men, than the most illustrious examples of rigid virtue, whose duties are so sublimed that they rather intimidate the greater part of mankind from the trial, than allure them to walk in their steps. The following definition of comedy given by Aristotle and adopted by Horace, Quintilian, and Boileau, corresponds with these observations: "Comedy," says the Stagyrice, "is an imitation of the worst of men; when I say worst, I don't mean in all sorts of vices, but only in the ridiculous, which are properly deformities

without pain, and which never contribute to the destruction of the subject in which they exist."

It has been remarked that the most severe satirists have been men of exemplary goodness of heart. The giant satirist Juvenal, was a conspicuous illustration of this truth. While his superior intelligence and sagacity unfolded to him in their full size the vices and follies of his fellow-creatures, his superior philanthropy heightened his indignation at them. The same may perhaps be said of the dramatic satirists, or writers of comedy in general. We could adduce many instances to corroborate this assertion. That very man who stands unrivalled at the head of comic poetry, stands not less high in the estimation of all who know him, for generosity and benevolence. If those who have traversed the life of the author of the *School for Scandal* with the greatest ill will to the man, were put to the question which they thought, his good-nature or his wit were the greater, they would probably decide in favour of the former.

The most unamiable form in which comedy has ever appeared, was that it assumed at its first rise in Greece. The character of the Athenians was peculiarly favourable to it. The abbe Brumoy who has discussed the subject with vast labour and talent says, "generally speaking, the Athenians were vain, hypocritical, captious, interested, slanderous, and great lovers of novelty." A French author of considerable note, making use of that people as an object of comparison, says, "*Un peuple aussi malin et aussi railleur que celui d'Athenes.*" They were fond of liberty to distraction, idolaters of their country, selfish, and vain, and to an absurd excess scornful of every thing that was not their own. Their tragic poets laid the unction of flattery in unsparing measure upon this foible of theirs, representing kings abased as a contrast to their republican dignity; and with all their greatness, it is easy to detect through their writings, a lamentable propensity in their muse to play the parasite with the people. To their gratification of the public foible, the tragic poets no doubt owed some small part of that idolatry in which they were held

by the Athenian multitude. Yet no sooner did the comic writers appear, ridiculing those very tragic poets, than they became still greater favourites with the people. Horace has transmitted to us the names of three of these comic poets, contemporaries—Cratinus, Eupolis and Aristophanes. If there were any before them, their names are buried in oblivion. Taking the structure of the tragedies of Æschylus for their model, these commenced the first great era of improvement in the comic drama. Of the comedies of Cratinus, Quintilian speaks in great commendation; the little of his poetry, however, that remained is not thought to justify that praise. Eupolis is related to have composed seventeen plays at the age of seventeen years. He was put to death by Alcibiades for defamation, and died unlamented except by a dog, which was so faithfully attached to him that he refused to take food and starved to death upon his master's tomb. So that of the three, Aristophanes alone lays claim here to particular commemoration.

Perhaps there is not one character of antiquity upon which the opinions of mankind are divided, and so opposite to each other as that of Aristophanes. St. Chrysostom admired him so much that he always laid his works under his pillow when he went to bed. Scaliger maintained that no one could form a just judgment of the true Attic dialect who had not Aristophanes by heart. Of Madame Dacier's idolatry he seems to be the god: while the venerable Plutarch objects to him that he carried all his thoughts beyond nature; that he wrote not to men of character but to the mob; that his style is at once obscure, licentious, tragical, pompous and mean—sometimes inflated and serious to bombast—sometimes ludicrous, even to puerility; that he makes none of his personages speak in any distinct character, so that in his scenes the son cannot be known from the father—the citizen from the boor—the hero from the shopkeeper, or the divine from the servant.

Whatever doubts may exist as to his talents there can be none respecting his morals. To admit all that his panegyrists have said of his genius is but to augment his depravity, since

by the most wicked and wanton perversion of that genius, he made it the successful instrument of the most base and barbarous purposes. Against all that was great and wise and virtuous he with the most malevolent industry turned the shafts of his poignant wit, his brilliant imagination, and his solid knowledge. Corrupting the comic muse from her legitimate duty he seduced her from the pursuit of her fair game, vice and folly, and made her fasten like a bloodhound upon those who were most eminent for moral and intellectual excellence. His caricaturing of Sophocles and Euripides, and turning their valuable writings into ridicule for the amusement of the mob, may be forgiven—but the death of Socrates will never cease to draw upon Aristophanes the execration of every man who has the slightest pretensions to virtue or honesty.

It is here to be observed that the comedy of Greece is to be ranked under three distinct heads. The plays composed of ribaldry, defamatory licentiousness, indecency and loose jokes, which prevailed on the stage while the supreme power remained in the hands of the multitude, constitute the first of these ; and it goes by the name of the old comedy. In those pieces no person whatever was spared. Though they were so modelled and represented as to deserve the name of regular comedy they were obscene, scurrilous, and defamatory. In them the most abominable falsehoods were fearlessly charged upon men and women of all conditions and characters ; not under fictitious names, nor by inuendo, but directly and with the real name of the party, while the execrable calumniator, protected by the licentious multitude, boldly defied both the power of the law and the avenging arm of the abused individual. Among that licentious people, nobody, not even the chief magistrate nor the very judges themselves, by whose permission the comedians were permitted to play, received any quarter, but were exposed to public scorn by any merciless wretch of a libeller who chose to sacrifice them. Nor were the bad effects of these calumnies confined to public scorn—they often went to the pecu-

niary ruin of families ; sometimes, as in the case of Socrates, afterwards to the death of their object. At length the miscreants proceeded to open impiety, and held up the gods, no less than men to derision.

These abuses continued to contaminate the people and disgrace the country with daily augmented profligacy till a change took place in the government, which took the administration from the multitude and vested it in a few chosen men. The corruptions of the stage were then attended to, and the poets were restrained by law from mentioning any man's name on the stage. With this law terminated that which is called *THE OLD COMEDY*.

So far was this law from producing the salutary effect expected from it, that it rendered the poison more mischievous by depriving it of the grossness which in some degree operated as an antidote to its baleful effects. The poets finding that certain limits were prescribed to them, had recourse to greater ingenuity, and by cunning transgressed the spirit while they obeyed the letter of the law. They fell to work upon well known real characters, concealed under fictitious names ; thereby not only exciting in the multitude a keener relish for their slanders, but giving a more wide and extensive scope to the operation of their malice. When the name of the object was openly told, the calumny rested upon him alone—but when a fictitious name was held up, however well known the real object might be, the slander was applied to many, and each spectator fixed it upon that particular person whom stupidity, malice, or personal hatred first suggested to him. Thus the hearts of the people were more corrupted by the more refined malice of guessing the persons intended.

This is what has been denominated the *MIDDLE COMEDY*. In this particular era it was that Aristophanes flourished, doing more mischief by his labours than all the wit which was lavished upon the Grecian multitude in ages could counterbalance. The virulence of the canker, however, at last enforced the necessity of a resolute cure. The magistrates interdicted the poets and players not only from using real

names but from representing real subjects. This admirable refinement produced correspondent effects: comedy assumed a new character, and acquired a new name. The poets being obliged to bring imaginary subjects and fictitious names upon the stage, the safety of individuals from those butcher slanderers was secured, and that safety begat tranquillity—thus the theatre was gradually purified and enriched; and shortly after Menander arose to dignify comedy and rescue the drama, and the public taste of Greece from barbarism. This is the third division alluded to, and is called the NEW COMEDY. A sad proof of the danger to a nation of allowing a false or corrupt practice to prevail for any time, arises from the sequel. The Athenians were so vitiated by the OLD and MIDDLE comedy that the NEW was disagreeable to them, so that it rose to no estimation in the world till it was transferred to Rome.

To his poignant wit, and poisonous malignity, Aristophanes joined great intrepidity of spirit. By the indefatigable exercise of his talents he proceeded, unrestrained by fear, unchecked by conscience, inaccessible to shame or pity, and alike regardless of the anger of foes and the feelings of friends, giving to the middle comedy still more force and acumen than ever belonged to the old. He cajoled the multitude by a plausible affectation of a violent love for Athens, and an inveterate hatred to all on whom he chose to fix the odium of wishing to enslave her. Though he was a Rhodian by birth, he had the address to persuade the Athenian multitude that he was a native of Athens. Wit of a much more obtuse quality than his could not fail of winning the hearts of such a people, if it were employed as his was in calumniating men of wisdom, virtue and dignity.

An instance of his intrepidity is worth relating. The very first man he attacked was a man of vast power in Athens, named CLEO: for the purpose of exposing this man he wrote his comedy of the EQUITES. He could not, however prevail upon any of the actors to incur the danger of personating Cleo, so much were they intimidated by the

man's power, wealth and influence. He therefore resolutely determined to play the character himself; which he did with such diabolical ability that the Athenian multitude compelled the object of his defamation to reward him with no less a sum than five talents; cast flowers upon his head; carried him through the streets, shouting applause, and made a decree that he should be honoured with a crown of the sacred olive in the citadel, as a distinction of the highest kind that could be shown to a citizen.

The greatest admirer of this mischievous man was Madame Dacier, who translated from the Greek, and read over no less than two hundred times his comedy of *The Clouds*. A partiality which no doubt will be allowed to reflect much credit on that lady's taste, moral as well as critical, especially when it is considered that it was by that comedy the death of Socrates was accomplished. Socrates had expressed his disapprobation of the licentiousness of the comic poets, in their conduct as well as writings. This exasperated Aristophanes, who, to accomplish his revenge, conspired with three profligates named Melitus, Lycon, and Anytus, orators and rhetoricians, to destroy that godlike being. Defended by the reverence in which the people held him, Socrates was perpetually secured from the feeble villany of these three associates, till Aristophanes joining them, broke down by wit the barrier that protected him. In the comedy of the *Clouds* he threw the venerable old man into such forcible ridicule as upset all the respect of the mob for his character, and all their gratitude for his services, and they no longer paid the least reverence to the philosopher whom for fifty years Athens had regarded as a being of a superior order. This accomplished, the conspirators stood forth to criminate him; and the philosopher was summoned before the tribunal of five hundred, where he was accused—first, of corrupting the Athenian youth—secondly, of making innovations in religion—and thirdly, of ridiculing the gods which the Athenians worshipped. To prove these evident falsehoods, false witnesses were suborned, upon whose perjuries and the envy

and malice of the judges, the accusers wholly relied. They were not disappointed. The judges expected from Socrates that abject submission, that meanness of behaviour, and that servility of defence which they were accustomed to receive from ordinary criminals. In this they were deceived; and his firmness and uncomplying integrity is supposed to have accelerated his fall.

The death of Socrates has always been considered one of the most interesting and afflicting events in history—interesting as it exhibits in that illustrious philosopher the highest dignity to which mere human nature has ever attained, and afflicting as it displays in the Athenians the lowest depth of baseness to which nations may sink. In the history of the Grecian drama it is necessarily introduced, as it serves to throw a light upon the effects produced by the dramatic poetry upon that people, and because a consideration of the manner of that philosopher's death is inseparably connected with the character of the first of their comic poets, Aristophanes: this chapter therefore will conclude with a circumstantial relation of that event, taken from a celebrated historian:

“Lysias, one of the most celebrated orators of the age, composed an oration in the most splendid and pathetic terms, and offered it to Socrates to be delivered as his defence before the judges. Socrates read it; but after having praised the eloquence and animation of the whole, rejected it, as neither manly nor expressive of fortitude; and comparing it to Sicyonian shoes, which though fitting, were proofs of effeminacy, he observed that a philosopher ought to be conspicuous for magnanimity, and for firmness of soul. In his defence he spoke with great animation, and confessed that while others boasted they knew every thing, he himself knew nothing. The whole discourse was full of simplicity and grandeur—the energetic language of offended innocence. He modestly said, that what he possessed was applied for the service of the Athenians. It was his wish to make his fellow-citizens happy, and it was a duty he performed by the

special command of the gods, "WHOSE AUTHORITY," said he emphatically to his judges, "I REGARD MORE THAN YOURS." This language astonished and irritated the judges, and Socrates was condemned by a majority of only three votes. When, according to the spirit of the Athenian laws, he was called upon to pass sentence on himself, and to choose the mode of his death, he said, "For my attempts to teach the Athenian youth justice and moderation, and to make the rest of my countrymen more happy, let me be maintained at the public expense the remaining years of my life in the Pyrtaneum, an honour, O Athenians which I deserve more than the victors of the Olympic games: they make their countrymen more happy in appearance, but I have made you so in reality." This exasperated the judges still more, and they condemned him to drink hemlock. Upon this he addressed the court and more particularly the judges who had decided in his favour, in a pathetic speech. He told them that to die was a pleasure, since he was going to hold converse with the greatest heroes of antiquity: he recommended to their paternal care his defenceless children, and as he returned to the prison, he exclaimed, "I go to die, you to live; but which is the best the divinity alone can know."

The celebration of the Delian festivals suspended his execution for thirty days, during which he was loaded with irons; his friends, particularly his disciples, were his constant attendants, he discoursed with them with his wonted cheerfulness and serenity—one of them expressing his grief that he should suffer, though innocent, Socrates replied, "would you then have me die guilty?"—with this composure he spent his last days, instructing his pupils, and telling them his opinions in support of the immortality of the soul. And, oh what a majestic spectacle! disregarded the entreaties of his friends, and when it was in his power to make his escape from prison refused it. Crito having bribed the jailor and made his escape certain, urged Socrates to fly; "where shall I fly," he replied, "to avoid the irrevocable doom passed on all mankind?" Christians! wonder at this heathen,

and profit by his example! in his last days he enlarged upon the wicked crime of suicide, which he reprobated with an acrimony not usual with him, declaring it to be an inexpiable offence to the gods, and degrading to man because the basest cowardice.

When the hour to drink the poison came, the executioner presented him the cup, with tears in his eyes. Socrates received it with composure, and after he had made a libation to the gods, drank it with an unaltered countenance, and a few moments after expired. Thus did the villanous libeller Aristophanes occasion the death of a man whom all succeeding generations have concurred in pronouncing the wisest and best of mankind, in the seventieth year of his age.

Let justice record the sequel! Socrates was no sooner buried, than the Athenians repented of their cruelty. His accusers were despised and shunned; one was put to death; some were banished, and others with their own hands put an end to a life which their cruelty to the first of Athenians had rendered insupportable.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE MIRROR.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MR. HODGKINSON.

(Continued from page 212.)

IT has been found impossible to ascertain, with any degree of precision, the year of Mr. Hodgkinson's birth. At the time of his death, which happened in 1805, he was stated to be thirty-six years of age ; but there are many reasons for believing that he was older. There are few ways in which human folly and vanity so often display themselves, as in the concealment of age. The celebrated Charles Macklin clipped from his term of existence not less than ten years, the obscurity of his early life inducing him to fancy he could make his age whatever he pleased without detection. Extremely attached to the sex, he wished to appear youthful in their eyes as long as possible, and fixed his birth at the year 1700 ; but it has, since his death, been ascertained, upon authority which cannot be controverted, that he was, for safety, carried away from the field, on the day of the battle of the Boyne, in 1690. Indeed there exist letters of his to his daughter, dated so far back as 1750, stating his incapacity to chew solid food, and deploring the necessity of living upon spoon-meat, on account of the loss of his teeth. From circumstances which the writer of this remembers to have heard from Mr. Hodgkinson, he suspected that the age of that gentleman was underrated ; and therefore took some pains to collect the best information respecting it. The result of his inquiry has justified his suspicion. There are in America several persons who remember Hodgkinson at different periods of his theatrical life, from whose united opinions it appears most likely that he was born in 1765. If this estimate be correct (it cannot be far from it) it must have been early in the year 1781 when he took his flight from Manchester, and reached the city of Bristol.

He stopped at a wagon-house in Broad-mead, and was, by the wagoner, introduced to the landlord, who soon show-

ed, by the conduct of himself and his family, that he was taught to consider our hero as a curiosity. They treated him with exemplary kindness, however. The landlord, though a rough homespun man, bred up in low life, manifested, not only tenderness and humanity, but a degree of delicacy that could not have been expected. A grown up young man, a son of his, the very evening he arrived, took the liberty, upon the wagoner's report, of asking our adventurer to sing him a song, for which the father reprimanded him, and turning to John, said "Doant thee, doant thee sing for noabody, unless thee likest it. If dost, thee'll have enow to do, I can tell thee." This was one of the little incidents of his life upon which he was accustomed to advert with pleasure; and often has he, with much good humour, contrasted it with the rude and indelicate conduct of persons of great pride and importance. No man that ever lived required less entreaty to oblige his convivial friends with his charming singing. Of the families where he was treated with friendship and free hospitality he delighted to promote the happiness, and to them his song flowed cheerfully: but he clearly distinguished from those, and has more than once, in the confidence of friendship, spoken with feeling and considerable asperity, of the indelicate conduct of some who, aspiring higher, ought to have known better. "It is indeed," said he to the writer of this, "a trial which few tempers could stand, but which I have often been obliged to undergo. A person whom I have met, perhaps at the table of a real friend, asks me to dine with him: I find a large company assembled upon the occasion, and hardly is the cloth taken away, when mine host, with all the freedom of an established acquaintance, without the least delicacy, or even common feeling, often without the softening circumstance of asking some other person to begin, or even of beginning himself, calls upon Mr. Hodgkinson for a song."—"Then why do you comply? why dont you refuse the invitation? or, if you cannot, why dont you pretend to be hoarse?" "I will tell you why: because, in a place of such limited population as

this, the hostility of a few would spread through the whole ; and not only mine host, but all those whom he had invited to Hodgkinson's song, would fret at their disappointment, and their fret would turn to an enmity which I should feel severely in empty benches at my benefit." " It is not that, Hodge," said this writer ; " but, as Yorick said to corporal Trim, because thou art the very best natured fellow in the world." It was upon an occasion of this kind Hodgkinson related to the writer the incident with his Bristol landlord, observing upon it, that there were many who washed down turtle dinners with champaigne and burgundy that might derive profit and honour from imitating the natural politeness and delicacy of that man whom, if they had seen, they would have called a low fellow or a boor.

To please the honest wagoner, and one or two fellow-travellers, however, H. did sing several songs in the evening, and as at that time he had not learned to drink, they thought themselves the more indebted to him, and the landlord and his wife put him to sleep with their son, who kept him awake the greater part of the night, asking him the most ridiculous questions respecting his parentage, where he came from, whither he was going, &c. and concluded with expressing his firm belief, because Sally, the housemaid, had told him so, that he, Hodgkinson, was some great man's son, who had run away from school, for fear of a flogging : " for you know," said he, " that none but the great folks can afford to be great singers and musicianers."

Resolved to take leave of his kind friend the wagoner, who was to set off on his return early in the morning, our young adventurer was up betimes, and went to the stable to look for him. As he stood at the door, a tall young stripling, dressed in what they call a smock frock, with a pitchfork in his hand, came up and, taking his station a little on one side, began to view him from head to foot, scratching his head and grinning. Our youth was startled and blushed, but said nothing, and affected firmness ; yet he imagined he had seen the man's face before. The arrival of the wagoner afforded

him a seasonable relief, and he returned with him into the inn kitchen, where breakfast was got ready and John was invited to sit down and eat. He had hardly swallowed two mouthfuls when he of the pitchfork, having left his hat and his instrument aside, entered, and, taking his station at the dresser, continued to gaze upon him, still scratching his pate and looking significantly. Our adventurer was sadly disconcerted, but concealed his emotions so that they were not observed, till breakfast was over, when the rustic took an opportunity to beckon to him with an intimation to follow him. They proceeded to the stable, where after carefully looking out of the back door to see that nobody was near them, the rustic without any preface said, "I'll tell thee what—thee art Jacky Meadowcroft!—I know thee as well as I do that horse that stonds there before my eyes; so don't you go vor to tell loies about it, or to deny it." Hodgkinson who, though he might be startled, was not to be intimidated, asked the fellow sturdily, and with a dash of stage loftiness, what it was to him who he was, or what his name; upon which the other rather abashed said, "No harm I assure thee Jack, nor hurt would I do thee for ever so much: but I fear thee be'est upon no good: now don't think hard of me, but do thee tell me, what prank art thee upon here?—where did'st thee get those foin clothes?"—To this our adventurer gave no answer but a look of haughty resentment, putting his arms akimbo, elevating his head and neck, and finishing with a contemptuous sneer of the right barn-buskin kind. "Nay, now," said the other, "I am sure of it. Yes, Jack Meadowcroft thee hast left thy honest parents, and mixed with the strolling fellers—the play actors,—a pize upon them, with their tricks, making honest folks laugh to pick their pockets."

Our youth now saw that it would be useless to persevere in concealment, and said to the other with a good-humoured cheerful air, "Who are you who know me so well, and seem so much concerned about me?" "My name be Jack as well as thine," replied the honest-hearted bumpkin. Hodgkinson then discovered that the young man had been for some-

time a stable-boy at Manchester, and was in the habit of going to his mother's house with the gentlemen of the long whip; but being elder than John had not been much noticed by him. H. understood from him that his singing at night was the first thing that raised his suspicions, and that he determined to know all about it in the morning. "I was pretty sure at the first sight, said he, that thee wert Jack Meadowcroft; but still I was not quite certain till I heard thee chattering with the folks at breakfast: so being ostler, I called thee out to the stable to speak to thee *in private*: for I'll tell thee what Jack, I will not betray thee." Hodgkinson then told him that though he loved music and acting, and should be glad to be a good player (at which the fellow shook his head) he had not yet mixed with any strollers, nor did he believe any strollers would let him mix with them; as he was too young and had not a figure or person fit for their purpose; but his object was to go to sea to escape from tyranny, hard fare, and oppression.

How often are the intentions of the best heart frustrated by the blunders of an uninformed head. Who can, without respect and admiration, contemplate the sturdy integrity, and simple zeal with which this rustic moralist enforced his laudable though mistaken notions? who can help reflecting with some surprise upon the fact, that before he ceased to apothegmatise and advise his young friend against having anything to do with the actors he was actually the first who put him seriously in the notion of going directly upon the stage as a public actor? It was a curious process, and we will endeavour to relate it as nearly as possible in the way Hodgkinson related it to us:

"A plague upon going to sea," said the honest fellow, "I can't abide it, thoff it be a hard, honest way of getting one's bread, and for that reason ought to wear well—but some how or other I never seed a sailor having anything to the fore; but always poor and dirty, except now and then for a spurt. There's my two brothers went to sea, and it it makes my hair stond an end to hear what they go through;

I would not lead such a life—no, not for fifty pound a year; evermore some danger or some trouble. One time a storm, expecting to be drowned—another a battle with cannon, expecting to be murdered—one time pressed—another time chased like a hare, that I wonder how they live. No, Jack, doan't thee go to sea; but stay at home and die on dry land. Why see how happy I am! and I'll be hong'd if measter within would'nt take thee with all love, to tend customers and draw the beer: ay, and 'twould be worth his while too, for thy song would bring custom, let me tell thee. As to being a play-actor, confound it, I hate the very word; you need not think anything about your size. Thou'rt very tall and hast a better face to look at than any on 'un I see; and though thou be'est knock-kneed a bit, its the way with all growing boys. Lord love thee, Jack, if wert to see some of them fellows, for all they look so on the stage with paint and tinsel and silk, when they stop to take a pint of beer, I think they be the ugliest, conceitedest, foolishhest talken fellows I ever ze'ed. Why there's one feller was here for three days all time quite drunk—went yesterday to Bath to get place there among them. He's a player, and as ugly as an old mangy carthorse. But he's an Irishman to be sure, and they say he won't do at Bath because he wants an eye."

You have players here at times then, said H. interrogatively.

Yes! sometimes they comes for their baggage, that is, their trunks and boxes and women and children. Sometimes the poor souls on 'un come in the wagon themselves. Sometimes when it's a holliday we 'un, they walk out to Stapleton and other parts to kill time, being very idle people; then they stop to take beer here, and they talk such nonsense that I can't abide the tuoads. Lauk! thee why Jack, thee know'st I would not flatter thee now—thee art a king to some on 'un that talks ten times as big as king George could for the life o' him."

This intelligence given by the honest simpleton, in all likelihood for the purpose of disgusting our adventurer with

the stage, communicated to him the first proud presentiment he felt of what afterwards occurred. The thought instantly struck him, "If performers, so very despicable as this man describes, are endured upon a public stage, thought he, why may not I?—cannot I be as useful as them? besides I can—but these men sing, I suppose—do not they sing John, much better than me?" "Noa, I tell thee they doan't: sing better than thee! they can't sing at all. A tinker's jackass is as good at it as any of them I see here. When they are on the stage (I went three or four times with our Sall to the play) od rot 'un—they make a noise by way of a song, and the musicianers sing for them on their fiddles." The man to whom honest John alluded, arrived from Bath that very day, execrating the injustice of the Bath and Bristol managers, who though they could not but be convinced of his talents, refused to give him even a trial. Our adventurer surveyed him from head to foot, and from the information of the man's face, voice, deportment, language, and person, concluded with himself that he had little to fear; "If, said he, this man has ever been received as an actor by any audience in this world, I'll offer myself to the first company I meet." He was precisely such as the ostler had described him—he wanted an eye, and was frightfully seamed by the small-pox, which not only had deprived him of that organ, but given him a snuffling stoppage of the nose. Such as this, was the whole man in every point, who actually boasted that he was allowed by all judges to play Jaffier better than any man that ever lived, but Barry, and who, disgusted with the British managers for their want of taste, took shipping that very evening for Cork.*

* Upon comparing notes with Hodgkinson, and considering his description, I was convinced that this was no exaggerated picture. Precisely such a man I remember to have seen, but not playing. He was in a strolling company in Ireland, and was admired for his miraculous power of making people merry with tragedy. He was a well-meaning, honest, simple poor man, but even his performance of Jaffier was hardly as comical as the compliments he himself lavished upon it.

Without imparting a hint of his intention to the ostler who vowed, "as he hoped to be saved" that he would never betray him (a vow which he religiously fulfilled) Hodgkinson resolved to introduce himself in some shape or other, to the company of the theatre as soon as they should return from Bath to Bristol; an event which was to take place according to the course of their custom, in two days. Meantime he walked frequently to the theatre, in order to indulge himself with looking at the outside of it; and he made the fine square before it, his promenade, where he gave a loose to his imagination, and anticipating his future success, built castles in the air from morning till night.

He was at this work when the players returned from Bath. He saw the gates laid open, and having taken his post at the passage to the stage-door, resolved first to reconnoitre those who entered, and collect from circumstances as they might occur, some clue to guide him in his projected enterprise. As this was one of the eras in his life on which he loved to ruminare and converse, he was more than commonly circumstantial in his account of it. "There is a long passage," said he, "that goes up to the stage-door at Bristol. For the first two days I stood at the outside, but becoming more impatient, and impatience making me bold, I took my station in the passage, with my hat under my left arm stood up with my back to the wall, and as the actors and people of the theatre passed by to rehearsal, I made a bow of my head to those whose countenances and manners seemed most promising. For several days not one of them took the least notice of me. There was one of them who looked so unpromising that I should hardly have given him the honour of my bow, if it were not for his superior age and venerable aspect; and I believe when I did give it to him, it was but a mutilated affair. There was a starched pompous man, too, whose aspect was, to my mind, so forbidding and repulsive that I never *condescended* to take much notice of him. From a loquacious, good-natured and communicative old Irish woman who sold fruit at the door I gained the intelligence

that the former of these was Mr. Keasberry the manager—the other Mr. Dimond. That Mr. D. said I to her, seems to be a proud man. “Och, God help your poor head!” said my informant; “it’s little you know about them; by Christ, my dear, there’s more pride in one of these make-games that live by the shilling of you and me, and the likes of us, than in all the lords in the parliament house of Dublin, aye and the lord-lieutenant along with them, though he is an Englishman, and of course you know as proud as the devil can make him:—not but the old fellow is good enough, and can be very agreeable to poor people,” My first act of extravagance in Bristol was giving this poor woman three half-pence for an orange, and making her eat a piece of it; a favour which many years after she had not forgotten.”

“I believe it was on the fourth day of my standing sentinel,” continued H. “that the old gentleman passing by me, I made him a bow of more than ordinary reverence. The Irishwoman’s character of him had great weight with me, and my opinions and feelings were transferred to my salute. He walked on a few steps, halted, looked back, muttered something to himself and went on. I thought he was going to speak, and was so dashed, I wished myself away; yet when he did not speak, I was more than ever unhappy. He returned again with two or three people about him in conversation; his eye glanced upon me, but he went on without speaking to me, and I left the place—for, said I to myself, if this man does not notice me, none of them will. Discouraged and chop fallen I returned to Broad-mead, and on my way began, for the first time, to reflect with uneasiness upon my situation.

“Next day, however, I returned to the charge, and assumed my wonted post in the way to the stage-door of the theatre. Instinctively I took my stand further up the passage, and just at the spot where the old gentleman had the day before stopped and turned to look at me—after some minutes I saw him coming—I was ashamed to look towards him as he advanced, but I scanned his looks through the corner of

my eye—my mind misgiving me at the moment, that I had a mean and guilty look, so that when he came up, I made my reverence with a very grave, I believe indeed, a very sad face. The old gentleman stopped, and my heart beat so with shame and trepidation that I thought I should have sunk. He saw my confusion, yet addressed me in a manner which, though not unkind nor positively harsh, was rather abrupt. “I have observed you, boy, for several days,” said he, “standing in this passage, and bow to me as I go by; do you wish to say anything to me? or do you want anything?” I hesitated, and was more confused than I remember to have ever been before or since:—“Speak out, my boy, said he, do not be afraid!” These words which he uttered in a softened, kinder tone, he accompanied with an action which gave the most horrible alarm to my pride, and suggested to my imagination a new and frightful idea. He passed his hand into his pocket as if feeling for cash. Great God! said I to myself, have I incurred the suspicion of beggary! the thought roused all of the man that was within me, and I replied, “No, sir, I am not afraid; nor do I *want* anything.” He afterwards owned that the words, and still more the delivery of them, made a strong impression upon him. Well then, my good boy, what is it you wish for? coming here successively for so many days, and addressing yourself to me by a salute, you must surely either want or wish for something. “Sir,” replied I, “I wish to go upon the stage.” “Upon the stage,” said he emphatically, “how do you mean? oh to look at the scenery I suppose”—“No, sir—I wish to be an actor.”

Thus far the words of Hodgkinson himself are given. The name of the old gentleman had entirely escaped the writer of this, who, when he heard the relation from Hodgkinson, little thought that it would ever devolve upon him to pay this posthumous tribute to his memory. Upon the facts being since related, and the description of the person being given to some gentlemen long and well acquainted with the affairs of the Bath and Bristol theatres, they have cleared up

the point to the writer, whose recollection, though faint, perfectly coincides with their assurance that it must have been Mr. Keasberry, who was at that time manager, and with whose character this account is said to agree accurately.

“ I wish to be an actor,” said our adventurer. The confidence and firmness with which the boy spoke, surprised and greatly diverted the old manager, who after eyeing him attentively a minute or two, exclaimed, “ You an actor, you young rascal !” then laughed heartily, and continued, “ An actor indeed ! and what the devil part would you think of acting ?” By this time some of those who attended the theatre, doorkeepers or supernumeraries, came up, and Mr. K. said to them, laughing, “ Here’s a gentleman proposes to be an actor.” And again addressing the boy he said to him with an affected solemnity, “ Pray, sir, what character have you yet thought of enacting ?” The jibing manner in which this was spoken by the manager, and the sneering, scornful looks of the sycophants about him, who, to curry favour with him, chuckled at his cleverness, had nearly disconcerted the poor boy ; however, he was naturally resolute, and replied, “ If I can do nothing else I can snuff candles, or deliver a message, or do anything that young lads do.” “ You can indeed ?” “ Yes, sir, and I can do more, I can play the fiddle and sing a good song.” “ A good song ! I dare say—but d—d badly I’ll answer for it.” “ Won’t you give me a fair trial, sir ?” “ Fair trial indeed !” repeated the old man laughing, and walking on a step—“ fair trial ! a pretty trial truly—however,” said he, turning round and beckoning to the boy, as he got to the stage-door, “ Come this way, and let’s hear what further you have to say for yourself !”

Hodgkinson followed the manager, and for the first time in his life set his foot on the stage of a public theatre. The actors were rehearsing ; and ensconced behind one of the side scenes he looked on, and “ *with the very comment of my soul I did observe them,*” said he, “ and not to conceal anything from you, I thought I could have done a great part of it much better myself ! oh that I were but a little bigger and had a

beard! said I to myself twenty times while the actors were going through the business." Had they thought of infant Rosciuses at the time, his bread had been buttered on both sides, as the saying is. The rehearsal being over, Mr. K. advanced to him and said, "You wish to be an actor, eh!"—then turning to one of the actors, "Here is a person," continued he, "who desires to go upon the stage, and is content by the way of a beginning, to snuff the candles—humble enough you'll say. But he says he can sing;" then ironically to H. "Now, pray sir, do us the favour to say what song you *can* sing—you perceive the gentlemen of the band are in the orchestra—or perhaps you would rather accompany yourself, as you say you play the fiddle." Then without giving him time to answer he said to one of the band, "hand this gentleman a fiddle, as he calls it." Hodgkinson took the fiddle, and pitching upon the beautiful *Finale* at the end of the first act of the farce of the Padlock, he played and sung it not only to the astonishment of them all, but so much to their satisfaction and delight, that Mr. K. after asking him whether he thought he could sing accompanied by the band, and being answered in the affirmative, spoke to the orchestra to go over the *Finale* with him, and desired H. to sing it again. Emboldened by this mark of approbation, John asked permission to sing another song: Mr. K. assented: the boy then stepped forward to the orchestra and asked the leader whether it would suit him to play one of the songs of Lionel? Certainly, he replied, which of them? "Oh dry those Tears," said our juvenile hero: a murmur escaped them all, as if they thought his vanity was carrying him too far. "Try him, by all means try him," said Mr. K.—The boy sung—their surprise was now raised to astonishment—and Mr. K. patting him on the head, emphatically said to him, "My boy, you'll never be a candle snuffer. For the present, however, you may carry a letter—or something more perhaps." He then interrogated him—"have you ever been about a theatre?—perhaps your parents are?"—"No sir, I never had the sole of my foot on a stage till now."

"Where then did you first learn to sing?" "In our church sir." "Your church! where is your church?" Here finding that he had got into a dilemma, he hesitated and blushed: "a number of other boys and I practised music together, sir." "But where?"—then perceiving the boy's distress, Mr. K. shifted the question and said, "So much for your singing, but where, in God's name, did you learn to accompany your singing with such action; which I declare, said he, turning to the people on the stage, wants little to be what I should call perfect for a singer?" "We boys, sir, acted plays together." "And you played —" "Several parts, sir." "You surprise me, boy!" "Well," said he, "call upon this gentleman tomorrow morning betimes, and he will converse with you." He then turned to the person who was acting as prompter, and whispered him, when Hodgkinson, after getting the gentleman's direction, made his bow. As he was going down the passage a lad followed him and told him the manager had sent to let him know that if he pleased he might come on the stage that evening during the performance.

Never before had our adventurer experienced such transporting sensations. To use his own words, his head whirled and sung again with delight. Instead of going straight back to Broad-mead, he walked about the square plunged in a delicious reverie—perfectly insensible of hunger or fatigue he continued on the stride, up the river side and down, then about the square again—then here, then there, in short he knew not whither nor why, wholly forgetful of home, dinner, and every thing till some time after the playhouse opened, when going to the stage-door he was admitted, and when he got behind the scenes, was kindly accosted by some, questioned very impertinently, and curiously by others, and stared at by all. The after-piece for the night was "the Contrivances," which he had never seen or heard of before. He was vastly taken with the song of "Make haste and away my only dear;" and as he passed down from the stage, hummed it to himself; on which one of the gentlemen of the band who was near him accosted him, "Hah, master Henry,

is it you?—you have practised every piece on the stage, one would think—and the Contrivances has not escaped you.” “My name is not Henry, sir—my name is John.” “Well, Master John then, I beg your pardon, but you have been at Rover I see.” “No, sir, I never saw or heard of the Contrivances till this night’s performance.” “You cant say so,” said the other, “you have learned that song before, assuredly!” “Upon my word it is a truth, sir; I never heard it before tonight.” “Do me the favour to hum it over again for me,” said the musician. Hodgkinson complied. “Why you have the words of the song as well as the air.” “Of one verse only, sir: but the next time, I shall catch the whole of it.” The musician expressed his astonishment, and asked the boy where he lodged; to which John replied, “Off this way, sir,” and ran away as fast as he could to Broad-mead, where he was resolved it should not be known, for sometime, at least, that he had any connexion with the theatre.

When he reached his hospitable landlord and family, he found that they had all been in great consternation at his absence. He had that morning spoken to his friend John the ostler, about selling his silver buckles, in order to pay his bill, and the generous souls were all afraid that he was in distress. “Hast thee eat nothing since breakfast,” said the good man; “Lauk! why thee must be famished—what bewitched thee to stay away from thy meals, child,” cried the wife, “tis very bad for a young thing like thee to fast,” said another: and numberless other kind and tender expostulations were uttered by the good people one and all, while ostler John who was more frightened about him than any of them, and could not get the naughty players out of his head, coming in said with affectionate surliness, “Soh! thee’st come back, be thee?—Ecod thee deservst to ha thee jacket trimmed, so thee dost—a young tuoad like thee to stay out, God knows where, to this time o’ night?” “Dont be angry John,” replied our adventurer, “dont be angry—and as to trimming, John, it is not in thy jacket, to trim my jacket

John—so go to your hayloft and dont make a fool of thyself!" In saying this he mimicked John's clownish lingo so nearly that the family burst out laughing, and John went off, growling out that he believed the devil or his imps the player fellers had got possession of the boy.

"John is thy friend," said the landlord, "he was quite down o' the mouth about thee." "And I love and thank John," said Hodgkinson, "but I could not help making fun of him for his talking of beating me. I accidentally met with a friend who offered to bring me to the play, and I was so glad I never thought of dinner." "Well come now," then said the good man, "pay away upon that beef—lay in dinner and supper at once, my boy, and thee shall have a cann of as good *yeal* as any in Somersetshire, and moreover than all that it shall cost thee nothing but the trouble of drinking it—so here's to thee, my boy." The worthy man drank, and his wife drank, and son and daughter, and all drank, and H. told them all about the play, and sung, "Make haste and away my only dear," for them, to their great delight. He was then too innocent and too young to direct it to the young lady of the house, or it is more than probable that she would have been more delighted with it, than any of them.

The next morning early he waited on Mr. —,* the prompter, who told him that Mr. K—desired that he would keep about the theatre, and make himself as useful as he could in anything that might occur, till something could be done for him. He accordingly attended it diligently, examining and watching every thing done and every body that did it, and storing his young mind with useful knowledge of the profession. What his pittance was, he never told this writer, who therefore concludes it must have been very small, particularly as he sold his buckles, and plumed himself upon not parting with the silver seal given him by his old friend at Manchester.

(*To be continued.*)

* The name is entirely forgotten by the biographer.

BARRY, THE PLAYER.

The following description of the person and acting of the celebrated BARRY the player is introduced here, to accompany the life of Hodgkinson, because a clear recollection of the former in a multitude of characters, a long and scrupulous investigation of the professional powers of the latter, and an intimate knowledge of both of them, has long established in our minds the unalterable opinion that of all the performers who make up the feeble crowd that have followed the men of Garrick's day in sad procession, not one so nearly trod in the footsteps of Barry (*sed heu longo intervallo*) as Hodgkinson. Whatever may have been said of his comedy, we never could contemplate it with half the satisfaction we received from some of his tragic performances. His Osmond, his De Moor, and his Romeo were infinitely superior to his Belcour, Ranger, and Ollapod. And his Jaffier unquestionably stood next to Barry's. We know nothing of Mr. Young, therefore do not mean to include him in this position, though seeing and hearing what we every day see and hear, of the present facility of pleasing in England, we receive the encomiums of the other side of the Atlantic on their passing favourites *cum grano salis*. In a word, we are persuaded that Hodgkinson came nearer to Barry in Barry's line, than any actor now living does to Garrick, Barry, or Mossop in theirs. In Faulconbridge, and in it alone he was perhaps equal to Barry.

SPRANGER BARRY was in his person above five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance in which manliness and sweetness of feature were so happily blended, as formed one of the best imitations of the Apollo Belvidere. With this fine commanding figure, he was so much in the free and easy management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an ungraceful attitude, in all his various movements on the stage. Even his *exits* and *entrances* had peculiar graces, from their characteristic ease and simplicity. What must have greatly assisted Barry in the grace and ease of treading the stage, was his skill in dancing and fencing; the first of which he was early in life very fond of; and, on his coming to England, again instructed in, under the care of the celebrated Denoyer, dancing-

master to Frederick Prince of Wales's family. This was done at the prince's request after he had seen him play in lord Townley, in the *Provoked Husband*. In short when he appeared in the scene, grouped with other actors of ordinary size, he appeared as much above them in his various qualifications as in the proud superiority of his figure.

So, when a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
All eyes are idly bent on him who follows next."

To this figure he added a voice so peculiarly musical as very early in life obtained him the character of "the silver-toned Barry," which, in all his love scenes, lighted up by the smiles of such a countenance, was persuasion itself. Indeed, so strongly did he communicate his feelings on these occasions, that whoever observed the expressive countenances of most of the female part of his audience, each seemed to say, in the language of Desdemona,

"Would that Heaven had made me such a man."

Yet, with all this softness, it was capable of the fullest extent of rage, which he often most powerfully exemplified, in several passages of *Alexander*, *Orestes*, *Othello*, &c.

We are aware of Churchill's criticism in the *Rosciad* standing against us, where he says, "his voice comes forth like Echo from her cell." But however party might have cried up this writer as a poet and a satirist of the first order, Goldsmith had the sense and manliness to tell them what they called satires were but tawdry lampoons, whose turbulence aped the quality of force, whose frenzy that of fire. Beside, Churchill had a stronger motive than prejudice or whim: the great hero of his poem was Garrick; and as Barry was his most formidable rival, he had little scruple to sacrifice him on this occasion.

But to leave the criticisms of this literary drawcansir to that oblivion to which they seem to be rapidly hastening, let

us examine the merits of Barry in some of those characters in which he was universally allowed to excel; and on this scale we must give the preference to Othello. This was the first character he ever appeared in, the first his inclination prompted him to attempt—and the first without question, that exhibited his genius in the full force and variety of its powers.

In the outset of Othello, when he speaks but a few short sentences, there appears a calmness and dignity in his nature, as evidently show “the noble qualities of the Moor.” These sentences we have often heard spoken (and by actors too who have had considerable reputation) as if they had been almost totally overlooked; reserving themselves for the more shining passages with which this tragedy so much abounds: but Barry knew the value of these introductory traits of character, and in his first speech, “*'Tis better as it is,*” bespoke such a preeminence of judgment, such a dignified and manly forbearance of temper, as roused the attention of his audience, and led them to expect the fullest gratification of their wishes.

His speech to the senate was a piece of oratory worthy the attention of the critic and the senator. In the recital of his “feats of broils and battles,” the courage of the soldier was seen in all the charms of gallantry and heroism; but when he came to those tender ejaculations of Desdemona,

“In faith ’twas strange—’twas passing strange!
 ’Twas pitiful, ’twas wond’rous pitiful!”

his voice was so melodiously harmonized to the expression, that the sigh of pity communicated itself to the whole house, and all were advocates for the sufferings of the fair heroine.

In the second act, when he meets Desdemona at Cyprus, after being separated in a storm, his rushing into her arms, and repeating that fine speech,

— “Oh! my soul’s joy!
 If after every tempest come such calms,” &c.

was the voice of love itself; describing that passion in so ecstatic a manner as seemingly to justify his fears

“That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.”

Through the whole of the third act, where Iago is working him to jealousy, his breaks of *love* and *rage* were master-pieces of nature, and communicated its first sympathies; but in his conference with Desdemona, in the fourth act, where he describes the agonizing state of his mind, and then, looking tenderly on her, exclaims,

“But there, where I had garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,”

the extremes of love and misery were so powerfully painted in his face, and so impressively given in his tones, that the audience seemed to lose the *energies of their hands*, and could only thank him *with their tears*.

We have to lament, that in many of the last acts of some of our best dramatic writers, there wants that degree of finish and grouping equal to the rest. Shakspeare sometimes has this want in common with others; but in this play he has lost none of his force and propriety of character—here all continue to speak the language of their conformation, and lose none of their original importance. Barry was an actor that, in this particular, kept pace with the great poet he represented—he supported Othello throughout with unabating splendor—his ravings over the dead body of the *innocent* Desdemona, his reconciliation with Cassio, and his dying soliloquy, were all in the full play of varied excellence, and forced from the severest critic the most unqualified applause.

That this our opinion is not exaggerated, we refer to that of Colley Cibber, an unquestionable good judge of his art, and who, with all his partialities to Betterton, yet gave Barry the preference in Othello. In short, it was from first to last a gem of the noblest kind, which can be no otherwise defined

than leaving every one at liberty to attach as much excellence to it as he can conceive, and then suppose Barry to have reached that point of perfection.

His other favourite characters were, Jaffier, Orestes, Castalio, Phocias, Varanes, Essex, Alexander, Romeo, &c. In all characters of this stamp, where the lover or hero was to be exhibited, Barry was *unique*; insomuch, that when Mrs. Cibber (whose reputation for love and plaintive tenderness was well known) played with Garrick, she generally represented his *daughter* or *sister*—with Barry she was always his *mistress*.

He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as lord Townly, Young Belville, &c. &c. The Bastard in King John, was another fine character of his, which Garrick attempted in vain—having neither sufficiency of figure, or heroic jocularly. To that may be added Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's farce of Love-a-la-Mode; a part in which he gave such specimens of the gallant simplicity and integrity of the *Irish gentleman*, as were sufficient to establish an independent reputation.

Though his Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Macbeth, &c. were *star height* above what we see now, he lost by a comparison with Garrick. Here the latter showed the *master* in an uncommon degree; as he did in all the quick animated parts of tragedy. In the spritely, light kind of gentlemen, Garrick had likewise the advantage; and in the whole range of low comedy he blended such a knowledge of his art with the simplicity of nature as made all the minutiae of the picture complete. Thus his *Abel Drugger* was as perfect in design and colouring as the miseries and distresses of *Royal Lear*.

In talking of these actors, it is impossible for the *amateurs* of the stage not to regret their loss with some degree of sensibility—not only as men who contributed to the entertainment and refinement of their youth, but whose death seem to threaten a decay of the profession itself. There are periods when the arts and sciences seem to mourn in sullen silence the departure of those original geniuses, who, for

years, improved, exalted and refined them; and, like widows, whose hearts were sincerely pledged to their first lords, will not sacrifice on the altar of affectation to *secondary wooers*. Painting and statuary suffered such a loss in the deaths of Titian, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, that more than two centuries have not been able to supply it; and how long the *present stage* may want the aid of such powerful supporters as *Garrick* and *Barry*, the experience of near thirty years holds out but very little hopes of encouragement.

To this admirable description as true as it is eloquent, we subjoin the following extracts from the old Dramatic Censor of England.

Speaking of Castalio in *The Orphan*, he says, "His circumstances give great scope for the exertion of various capital powers, which were amazingly well supplied in the elegant figure, bewitching voice, and excellent acting of Mr. Barry; who, in this part, defied the severest criticism, and justly claimed what he always obtained, the warmest applause that enchanted feelings could bestow.

Antony in Julius Cæsar.

Mr. Barry beyond doubt stands foremost in our approbation for this part, as possessing an adequate figure, an harmonious voice, and all the plausibility of insinuation that Shakspeare meant; however, we think that critic an enthusiastic admirer, who, speaking of him in the Rostrum, exclaimed that Paul never preached so well at Athens.* It is certain, nature in this, as well as in all his dramatic undertakings, furnished him with irresistible recommendations.

* Our readers will partly judge what the powers of that man must have been, who could beguile an erudite critic into such an enthusiastic, rapturous expression of approbation.

Varanes in Theodosius, or the Force of Love.

Varanes, who was most the object of our author's attention, is an odd medley of love and pride; now he will, then will not; tender, impatient; in short a romantic madman; yet notwithstanding inconsistencies of a glaring nature, he is a dramatic personage highly interesting. Mr. Barry must, in imagination, to those who are at all acquainted with his performance, fill up every idea of excellence in this character: his love was enchanting, his rage alarming, his grief melting: even now, though overtaken by time, and impaired in constitution, he has not the shadow of a competitor. The rheumatic stiffness of his joints has been industriously trumpeted forth, and every mean art made use of to lower him in public opinion; yet true it is that *if he hobbled upon stilts*, he would be better than many persons, in his style, upon their best legs. A gentleman of acknowledged judgment lately made the following just and striking similitude: that Mr. Barry was like the time-worn ruins of Palmyra and Balbec, which even in a fallen state show more dignity and real beauty, than the most complete productions of modern architecture.*

In Altamont in The Fair Penitent.

After observing that this character lies a dead weight upon the play, this great critic says, "We remember Mr. Barry, by exertion of singular merit, making Altamont as respectable as any other character in the piece, though Mr. Garrick did *Lothario* and Mr. Sheridan *Horatio* on the same occasion. Indeed he so much outfigured all competitors and illustrated

* The late John Palmer had one of the finest persons and faces in Great Britain. I remember to have seen him, handsome Brereton, and manly F. Aitkin, when in the prime of life on the stage at the same time with Barry, when he was labouring under old age, and so miserably infirm that he walked with difficulty. Yet neither I nor any one of the spectators ever noticed the others, so lost were they to the sight under the towering superiority of Barry. *Editor.*

so beautifully a character scarce known before, that he appeared to great advantage."

Othello.

"If any performer ever was born for one part in particular it must have been Mr. Barry for the Moor: his figure was a good apology for Desdemona's attachment, and the harmony of his voice to tell such a tale as he describes, must have raised favourable prejudice in any one who had an ear, or a heart to feel. There is a length of periods and an extravagance of passion in this part, not to be found in any other for so many successive scenes, to which Mr. Barry appeared peculiarly suitable. He happily exhibited the hero, the lover, and the distracted husband; he rose through all the passions to the utmost extent of critical imagination, yet still appeared to leave an unexhausted fund of expression behind; his rage and tenderness were equally interesting, but when he uttered the words "*rude am I in my speech,*" in tones as *soft as feathered snow that melted as they fell,* we could by no means allow the sound an echo to the sense."

To these extracts we will add one from the life of the celebrated John Palmer, already mentioned, in the Thespian dictionary.

"The following summer he (Palmer) was engaged at the Haymarket, when Mr. Barry was also engaged. The part of Iago was given to Mr. Palmer to study, but at rehearsal he was so awed at the presence of Mr. Barry, that in spite of all that gentleman's encouragement, he could not subdue his terrors, and was obliged to resign his part to Mr. Lee."

Yet there was a suavity and familiar frankness in his manner, particularly if he had a point of interest or pleasure to carry, which won young and old—man and woman. A British merchant having occasion to go to Dublin when Barry and Mossop headed the rival theatres, was commissioned to collect some debts, and among others two owing by those celebrated men. When he returned to London his

constituent asked him, "Well, have you got the actors to pay you?" "Mossop has paid," he replied, "Barry, not." "How comes that?" "To tell you the truth," answered our merchant, "I called on Mr. Barry several times, but he delighted me so much with his talk, and his kindness, that I swear, I could not ask him for money, or do anything to hurt his feelings. When I went from him to Mossop, he looked so stern, that I was overawed and cowed, and so told him, that as I wished to *oblige* him, I would let the matter lie over; and what do you think was his answer? In a voice that made me tremble, he said, disdainfully, "*You* oblige ME, sir!—and pray sir, who are *you* that presume to offer to oblige me?—call tomorrow, sir, on my treasurer, and the pelf shall be paid to you, sir." And as I went down stairs I could hear him say to himself several times, "Oblige ME indeed, ha, ha, hah!—*you* oblige ME!!" "In a word I got the money from him, but never saw him after." "You saw Barry, though?" "Oh yes, he gave me a general order to the house, introduced me to Mrs. Barry,—and always smiled and spoke so kindly, squeezed my hand too whenever I saw him, that I never thought of money. It dont signify talking, but I verily believe, that he could wheedle the birds off the trees with that sweet voice of his, and his good-natured look. I would rather be put off by Barry, than paid by Mossop." In this simple anecdote, which is a fact, the private characters of Barry and Mossop are clearly and faithfully illustrated.

MISCELLANY.

THEOBALDUS SECUNDUS,

OR

SHAKSPEARE AS HE SHOULD BE.

NO. III.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, continued.

MARCELLUS invokes the ghost almost in the words of Charon, who, too charitable to suffer a man to go to the devil in his own way, thus addressed the son of Anchises:

Quisquis es armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
Fare age venias : jam isthinc et comprime gressum.

The sybil in Virgil gives a civil answer to a civil question, and narrates the birth, parentage, and education of her protégé. Not so “the buried majesty of Denmark.” Disdaining to be tried by any but his peers, he withholds all parlance till he commences with his son, and having entered O. P. (signifying “O Patience,” to the inquisitive spectator) makes his exit P. S. (signifying poor spirit). Marcellus, hereupon, moralizes after the following fashion:

Mar. Thus twice before, and *jump* at this *dead* hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Why this *dead* hour? hours never die. In Ovid they are employed as grooms in harnessing Apollo’s steeds, and if there be any faith in *tempus fugit*, how can the dead fly? to be sure, Marcellus was a sentinel, whose duty it is to kill time: but I prefer *dread* hour! Now for *jump*—Mr. Malone says, that in Shakspeare’s time, *jump* and *just* were synonymous terms. So they are in our time. Two men of sympathetic sentiments are said to *jump* in a judgment. We have also a sect of *just* men in Wales called *jumpers*. Strange that the same motion that carries a man to heaven should carry a Kangaroo to Botany Bay!

——— multi
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.—*Juv.*

I do not think that the modern actors who personate the ghost, pay a proper attention to the text. It is evident from the above passage, that the ghost in crossing between the speakers and the audience, should give a jump, taking special care to avoid both traps and lamps, otherwise he may "fast in fires," a little too fast. "Gone by our watch," should be divided thus, "Gone—by our watch;" meaning at this hour, as we compute the time. Marcellus should here pull out his watch. A man will never make an actor unless he is particular in these little matters. Horatio continues thus:

Hor. But in the *gross* and *scope* of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange *eruption* to our state.

Johnson will have it that "gross and scope," mean general thoughts and tendency at large. Alas! that all the scope of his gross frame should contain so small a meaning! I prefer *guess* and skip of my opinion; that is a random notion hastily entertained.

As for the eruption in the state, the reader will bear in mind the jump of the ghost, and coupling it with the afore-said eruption, will no longer wonder that a modern writer couples the word jump with the Norman invasion:

Hop, step, and jump,
Here they came plump,
And they kick'd up a dust in the island.

O'Keefe has a character in his farce of *The Farmer*, called Jemmy Jumps, but I cannot with all my diligence, discover that he takes his name from a love of jumping. Molly Maybush, indeed, gives us a hint of his fondness for that recreation in the following distich:

Go hop my pretty pet along,
And down the dance lead Bet along.

But if his own evidence is to be believed, (and according to some recent suggestions, that is the only evidence which ought to be received) he has no penchant for it. The farmer asks him to join the village dance, whereupon he indignantly exclaims, "What! I sport a toe among such a set of rustics!" Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that as a manufacturer of stays he takes his name from a part of those modish ligatures called jumps.

A figure of the very first water and magnitude, now makes his *entré*—the ghost of the late king! and here I must digress awhile, and like a raw notary's clerk, enter my feeble protest against the tame and unimpressive manner in which that supernatural personage is permitted to make his appearance. It should seem that our managers reserve all their decorations for the inexplicable dumb show of the Wood Dæmon (that diphthong is my delight), the Castle Spectre, &c. &c. The Bleeding Nun in Raymond and Agnes is ushered in with a pre-scent-iment of blue flame and brimstone. Angela's mother advances in a minuet step, to soft music, like Goldsmith's bear, and is absolutely enveloped in flames—none but a salamander, or Messrs. Shadrach and company can enact the part with safety. But when we are presented with a dead Hamlet, Banquo, or lady Anne, those impressive non-naturals of the poet of Nature, they walk in as quiet and unadorned as at a morning rehearsal; marching like a vender of clumsy Italian images, "with all their imperfections on their head," and an additional load attributable to the imperfect head of the manager. Remember the lines of the poet:

Another Eschylus appears—prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair,
In flame like Semelé be brought to bed,
Whilst opening hell spouts wildfire at your head.

And let us in future see Shakspeare's ghosts adorned with the proper paraphernalia and (imperialia) of thunder, haut-boys, and brimstone. But to return—For "eruption to our

state;" some people prefer reading corruption, alleging that most states are corrupt (England, as one of the present company, of course excepted) but that eruptions are confined to the towns that border on Mount Vesuvius. But surely, allowing the observation its full swing, eruption is here the right reading. The ghost, in a subsequent scene, expressly informs us that he is "confined to fast in fires," and from his underground repetition of the word "swear," it is clear that those fires were immediately under Hamlet's feet. Yes, sir, this identical ghost was the Guy Faukes of Denmark, and but for the vent he discovered in a cranny near Elsinore enabling him to take a peep at the "glimpses of the moon," would doubtless have blown the crown prince, and all his court into the air, and thus have rendered unnecessary our late expedition for that purpose.

I find nothing upon which to animadvert till the re-entry of the ghost. He has evidently something upon his mind, which he wishes to communicate; but with the heart of a lion shows that he also possesses the fears of that royal beast, for upon the crowing of the cock (a sound most injudiciously omitted, since the death of the bantam Roscius) the spirit evaporates as quickly as from a glass of champagne, in the drinking of a health.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my *partisan*?

Here performers, who move like blind asses in the manager's mill, usually raise the right arm, as though partisan meant the instrument in their grasp. O lame and impotent! As if a little bit of a truncheon could bruise a ghost! What says Ossian, speaking of a ghost? "The dim stars twinkled through his form." A plain proof of his want of substance. So of Pope's sylph:

Fate urg'd the shears and cut the sylph in twain;
But airy substance soon unites again.

Some fanciful persons will have it that partisan signifies companion, as though Marcellus should say, "shall I strike

at it with the assistance of Bernardo?" Listen to the real original meaning:

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my *parmesan*?

In plain English, "shall I throw a cheese at its head?" This agrees with what was before advanced relative to beef, and shows that the sentinels of those days antedating the couplet in the Bath Guide,

He that would fortify the mind,
The belly first must fill,—

never mounted guard without a havresack well stuffed with eatables.

Coffee and Chocolate.

COFFEE is the seed of a tree or shrub of the jessamine species, originally a native of Arabia, but now thriving in the West Indies, where it is become an important article of English commerce.

The flower is yellow, and the berry juicy, containing two seeds: these when gathered have a ferinaceous bitter taste, but are wholly without that peculiar smell and flavour imparted to them by fire, and for which an infusion or decoction of them is so much admired.

This fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the Mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house properly so called, was established at Constantinople: its discovery was announced by a miraculous legend which each sect relates in its own way.

A dervise, says a certain heterodox rational mussulman, if such there be, "a dervise overflowing with zeal or with bile, was sorely troubled on observing that his brethren were not animated by a spirit active as his own: he saw, with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance

of their religious exercises, their ecstasies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings, and laborious breathings.

“ The dissatisfied dervise, taking a solitary walk to sooth his disturbed spirits, or cool his heated imagination, observed that the cattle became suddenly and remarkably playsome and lively, after feeding on a certain leaf; judging, by analogy, that the same effect might be produced on *other animals*, he gave his companions a strong infusion of it; their heaviness and torpor were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigour; the leaf so powerful in its effects proved to be the shrub from which coffee berries afterwards were gathered.”

“ Listen not to such profane heresies,” says an orthodox doctor of Mecca, “ it was in the six hundred and sixty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era) that Abouhasan Scazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable Scheick, his friend and companion, and thus addressed him :

“ Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me; cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship; persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him, who drove the infidels like sheep before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties: farewell, sometimes think of Abouhasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name:” he would have spoken further, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

“ Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way: but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of his situa-

tion, till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which, raising into the air the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive. Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him: almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man, the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail, and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to Allah.

“An angel of light immediately stood before him, waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words; a limpid stream suddenly gushed from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the barren sand of the desert; bathing the temples, the eyes, and the lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid, the celestial messenger disappeared.

“The cool stream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, soon recovered the sinking man; he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in full vigour and spirits.

“Omar, with renewed strength, soon rejoined the caravan, and relating the supernatural circumstance, a mosque was erected on the spot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers; coffee, that wonderful shrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and more particularly the produce of his favourite country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers.”

This singular specimen of Turkish superstition, in which the Mahometan appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the Vatican, is taken from a curious book, which, previous to the Gallic revolution, was in the library of the king of France, and presented to Louis the fifteenth, by Said, an ambassador from the Porte to the court of Versailles.

It is called in the title page, *Dgihan Numa*, that is, a description of the world, and was printed at Constantinople, in seventeen hundred and thirty-one, adorned with plates and illustrated by maps; the author, or rather the compiler, was *Keatib Cheleli*, a learned doctor of the Turkish law.

“Coffee,” says this enlightened mussulman, who shaking off the stupidity and indolence of his countrymen, assumes the character of a medical inquirer, after he had quitted that of an implicit believer, “coffee is a rejoicer of the heart, an enlivener of conversation, a sovereign restorative after the fatigues of study, of labour or of love; its peculiar characteristic is, to comfort the stomach, nourish the nerves, and to protect the frame against the debilitating effects of a hot climate and a fiery atmosphere.

“Taken an hour after dinner, it prevents an accumulation of crudities in the first passages, is an infallible remedy for the horrors of indigestion, and the megrims.”

It was not probable that so wholesome and agreeable an article of diet would be long confined to Asia; it is said to have been introduced to the fashionable circles of Paris by *Thevenot*, in 1669, but had been made use of in London as an exotic luxury before that time.

The first coffee-house opened in the British metropolis, was in George-yard, Lombard-street, by *Rosqua*, the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant, in the year 1652; its flavour was considered so delicate, and it was thought by the statesmen of those days (no very reputable characters) to promote society and political conversation so much, that a duty of fourpence was laid on every gallon made and sold.

But *Anthony Wood* earnestly insists, that there was a house, for selling coffee, at Oxford, two years before *Rosqua* commenced the trade in London; “that those who delighted in novelty, drank it at the sign of the angel, in that university, a house kept by an outlandish Jew.”

In another part of his works, he says that *Nathaniel Conapius*, a native of Crete, and a fugitive from Constantinople, but residing in the year 1648, at *Baliol college*, Oxford,

made, and drank every morning, a drink called coffey, the first ever made use of in that ancient university.

This popular beverage is mentioned in a tract published by judge Rumsey, in 1659, entitled "Organum Salutis, or an instrument to cleanse the stomach; together with divers new experiments on the virtues of tobacco and coffee."

"It is observed in this work, by a correspondent of the author, "that apprentices, clerks and others, formerly used to take their morning draught in ale, beer or wine, which, by the dizziness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for business; but that now they may safely play the good fellow, in this wakeful civil drink, for the introduction of which first in London the respect of the whole nation is due to Mr. Muddiford."

CHOCOLATE, then, is a preparation from the seeds of a small American tree, called by botanists *Cacao Guatimalensis*, bearing a large red fruit in the shape of a cucumber, which generally contains twenty or thirty of the nuts, boiled and prepared according to art.

This highly nutritious, agreeable, and, to many, wholesome drink, became on its first introduction, a subject of strong agitation, and warm contest, with many conscientious and scrupulous catholics.

Approaching in its original form, and in its alimentary properties, so nearly to solid diet, it was doubted by the timid and the devout, whether enjoying so delicious and invigorating a luxury in Lent, and other seasons appointed by the church for fasts, was not violating or eluding a sacred and indispensable ordinance.

That party which was unwilling to resign their chocolate, quoted the words of St. Thomas, who repeatedly asserts, that it is by solid food only that a fast can be properly said to be broken; that if it is unlawful to drink this liquor on fast days, because of the portion of solid cocoa contained in it; by the same rule, wine and beer, which on these occasions have never

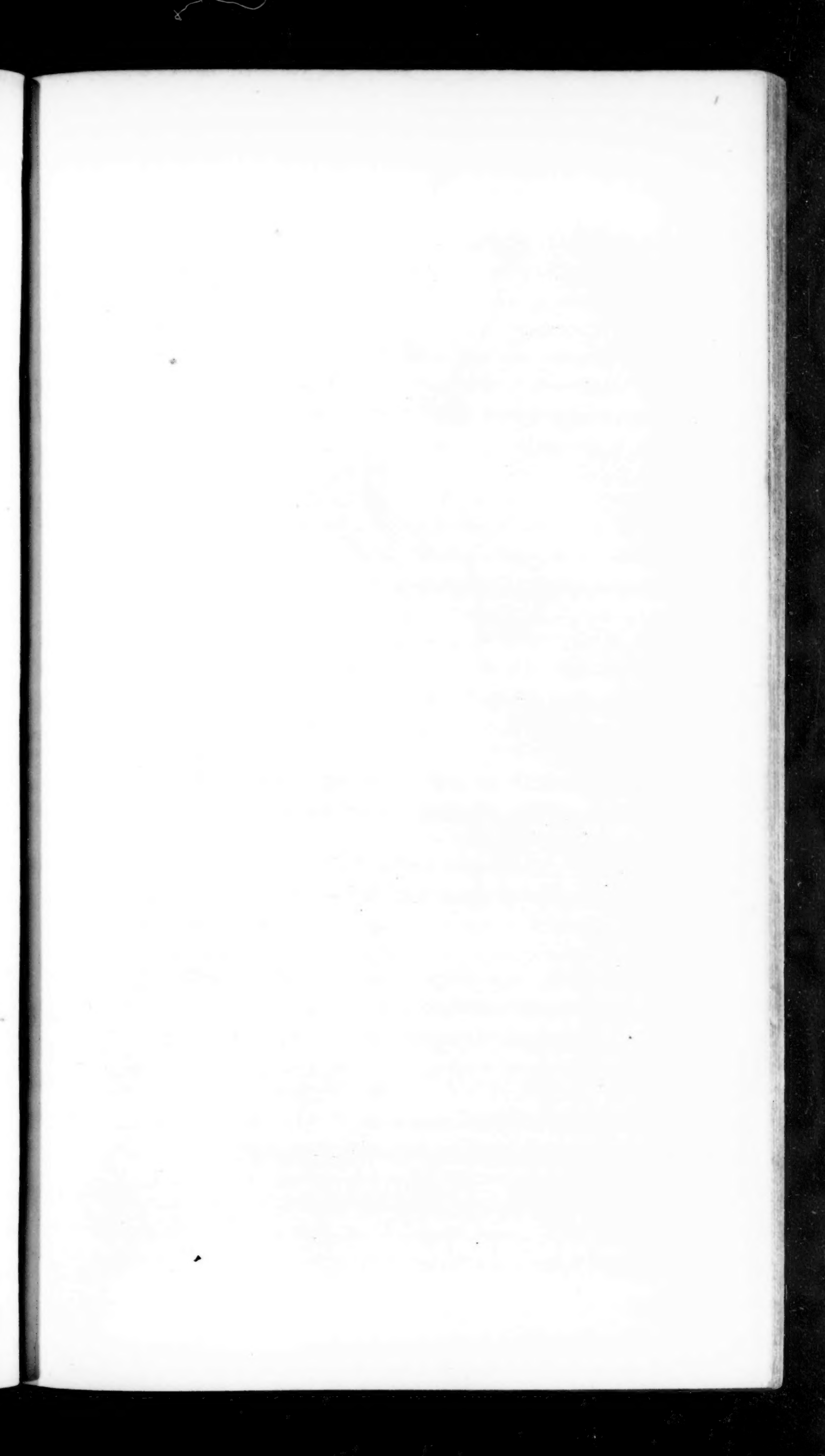
been interdicted, might be forbidden, as the first contains a large proportion of the saccharine substance of the grape, and the latter suspends rather than dissolves the whole of the farina of the grain.

The chocolate drinkers were opposed by a powerful party of rigid disciplinarians, and austere devotees; a Spanish physician wrote a Latin treatise, expressly against what appeared to him so impious a practice on a fast day; his book, entitled "*Tribunal Medico-Magicum*," exhibits much zeal and some learning; that he was strongly attached to the luxury against which he declaims, is a strong presumption in favour of his sincerity.

The Spaniard's book was answered, by a cardinal of the catholic church in a candid and agreeable way; it was the opinion of the ecclesiastic, supported, indeed by reason and experience, that neither chocolate nor wine taken in moderation could, strictly speaking, be construed into breaking a fast; yet, he hoped, that such a concession, would not be made a pretext by sensuality and wickedness, for using them to excess, by which some of our greatest blessings are converted into curses; as whatever tempts or occasions us to overstep the bounds of nature and of temperance, can never be defended by the canons of the church.

The Roman prelate concludes his rational and truly pious book, written in Latin, not unworthy of the Augustan age, with the following words, which ought to be written in letters of gold, in some conspicuous part of every eating-room in Europe:

"The infidel and voluptuary may ridicule the idea of the Almighty Creator of the universe, being pleased, or displeased, with a man for having a full or an empty stomach; but whatever tends directly or remotely, to subdue rebellious passions, and subject a creature like man to the restraints of reason and religion, cannot fail being a matter of the highest importance to our well-doing, and our everlasting destiny hereafter."





MONUMENT IN HONOUR
OF THE
LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

ERECTED IN RUSSELL SQUARE, BY R. WESTMACOTT, ASSOCI-
ATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS monument consists principally of a colossal statue of the late Duke of Bedford, habited in his parliamentary robes. At the feet of his statue, or rather around the fragment of rock on which it stands, are "the seasons personified by genii, or children in playful attitudes."

"This group surmounts a pedestal composed of granite; the sides of which are embellished by *bassi-relievi* of pastoral subjects. On the angles are bulls heads; the intermediate friezes being occupied by *bassi-relievi* of groups of cattle. The whole composition is about twenty-five feet in height."

The latter part of this general description, which we have marked as quotation, is taken from Mr. Westmacott's own modest account of his work, in the 'Academic Annals.'

The whole forms an imposing, and, in some degree, magnificent pile of sculpture, and seems the worthy ornament of a great metropolis; yet it has such defects as inform us that it has not fallen from Heaven. The statue is doubtless meant to be stable, manly, easy, and dignified; yet it is not perfectly these, though perhaps no other words could be so nearly used with propriety in describing its first bold impression on the mind of the beholder, as he approaches from Bloomsbury square along Bedford-place.

A noble and sedate simplicity characterizes the general style of Mr. Westmacott's sculpture, and is conspicuous in the *tout ensemble* of the pile before us. The proportions of the statue and its ornamental accompaniments, to the pedestal and double plinth basement, are well regulated, and are the evident and successful result of study. The bronze, of which

the statue and bas-reliefs are composed, being covered with a fine green patina (which has apparently been superinduced), would have assimilated very well with the sort of grave, negative colour of the Scotch granite, of which the pedestal is formed, had the rock on which the Duke stands been of bronze, as well as the statue and personifications of the seasons which are designed to group with it. This rock ought certainly not to have been of Scotch granite. The pedestal alone should have been of this material, and all that surmounts it of bronze. Beside that real rock is almost as unscientific in this place, as would have been the real ermine on the Duke of Bedford's robes, or a real wig on his head ; it is almost as destructive too of the chastity of sculpturesque effect. It gives a meager effect to the seasons, while it mars the simplicity of what would else have appeared a grand connected mass of imitative art. The granite and green bronze, if kept in broad and distinct masses, would have harmonized extremely well with the verdure of the pleasure ground in which it is placed ; yet, as it is, the whole composition, when viewed from any station near the south end of Bedford-place, detaches with effect from the air-tint of the distant country, excites a classic and elevated feeling, and invites the steps of the tasteful to a nearer view.

The figure of the Duke, in allusion, presumptively, to the firmness of his character, stands on a rock, with his right foot somewhat advanced. His right hand is also advanced, and rests on the shaft of the plough, while his left arm, which is somewhat too short for the figure, hangs perpendicularly, forming a line exactly parallel to the outline of the drapery on this left side of the statue. One side of the figure is thus perfectly tranquil, while the other is in gentle action. What the sculptor may conceive he has gained in effect, by *thus* contrasting one side of his statue to the other, he appears to us to have lost, in losing that more easy contrast and graceful equilibrium which distinguishes the best single figures of the ancients, and which should not, we think, be absent from those of the moderns. If, however, grandeur by these means be

substituted for gracefulness, art and the public are amply compensated, and the sculptor should be honoured for a successful deviation from ancient authority and established principle. We are only sorry to add, that in our opinion it is not.

The features of the Duke's face are very judiciously generalised, or *idealised* (as is the phrase among artists) to that degree which raises the mental character of the head, and while it retains all those peculiarities which are essential to portraiture, renders an individual countenance more fit for the purpose of the sculptor, and perhaps impresses a likeness more forcibly than minute finishing, especially at a height of eighteen or twenty feet from the eye of the spectator. The neck is increased in thickness, so as to give an Herculean air and character to the bust : which yet, on the whole, so strongly resembles that of the original, that it is immediately recognised by all who remember the Duke of Bedford's person.

Of the drapery, the general style is broad, square, and masterly. The peculiarities of the English ducal robes are sufficiently attended to, and sufficiently simplified ; but the ermined part we esteem unfortunate (as much of it at least as is seen in the front view of the figure) as it disturbs the contour of the folds, and has a clumsy and unsculpturesque appearance.

Proceeding downward in our remarks, we now arrive at Mr. Westmacott's personification of the seasons, where we find he has departed in some measure from former analogies, without, in every instance, substituting better.

We have already remarked that these genii have a meager effect, and have endeavoured to account for it by supposing it to be principally owing to the ill-judged mixture of materials and colours, of which this part of the pile consists. Yet beside this defect, in every view but that from the westward, these figures appear to want grouping and connexion. Seasons, which are blended in their real existence, should probably not be disconnected, nor thrown out of their natural order, in their allegorical representation. No man desires to see the

backside of Spring unless Summer follow ; and had Summer and Autumn been visible from the principal approach, an association of ideas would have been excited, more genial and more appropriate to the agricultural character of the monument, if not to the *known bounty* of the late Duke of Bedford, than by the presence of Winter and Spring. By placing the two former behind his Grace, and turning one of them away from the eye of the spectator, the sculptor has even left it so doubtful whether he has or has not taken the liberty of changing the natural course of the seasons in order to effect this, or some other purpose, that we have known some persons mistake—unless we are ourselves mistaken—Summer for Autumn and Autumn for Summer ; and others puzzled between Summer and Spring. It is true, the seasons in our climate, are sometimes so strangely disordered and confused, that if Mr. Westmacott should plead that in this part of the design, he has chosen rather to imitate nature than the antique, and English nature rather than the nature of any other climate, we should probably be silenced.

It may also be pleaded with great truth in favour of the artist, that in consequence of the arrangement which he has adopted, there is in every view of the monument, something of merit and importance to gratify public attention. In front, there is the statue itself contrasted by the plainness and simplicity of the unadorned side of the pedestal. On the east side there is the most beautiful of the bas-reliefs : on the west, the most interesting view of the seasons, and what there is behind, God knows. The public are not yet permitted to walk round it.

We will now endeavour to explain the symbols and metaphors which Mr. Westmacott has invented or adopted, as well as we are able, in the order in which they present themselves on the monument. Spring is very properly represented as rising a wreath of blossoms and other early flowers, among which the lily is distinguishable ; the genius of Autumn is pouring forth her abundance of English fruits and vegetables (for there is nothing exotic) from a cornucopia ;

*Plano Relieve on the pedestal of the Duke
of Bedford's Statue*



EAST SIDE



WEST SIDE

Summer, as far as can be seen from without the enclosed area of Russel-square, has a butterfly perched on his hand, intimating that this is the season when this beautiful insect bursts from its chrysales into new life ; and Winter sits shrunk and sheltered by drapery from inclemencies of which, to be strictly correct, it should appear to have been the cause.

The character and style of Mr. Westmacott's boys or genii, are something between that of Fiamingo, and real life. Those of Summer and Autumn especially, possess much of infantile grace ; but the genius of Winter appears disproportionably small, and the space left for his chest so small, when compared with his limbs, that the Hibernian punsters will be in some danger of thinking it is meant for a personification of—nobody. What those may be tempted to think of it who are conversant with Dr. Hunter's principal anatomical work, we shall not presume to say.

The bulls heads on the angles have a new and not unpleasing effect, and are executed in a grand style ; their horns are short and bound for sacrifice as in the antique. And the frieze which runs round the top of the pedestal is enriched, the East side with two sheep, a lamb, and an ox ; the West side with two swine and a cow ; and the South side, or front of the monument with a horse, all sculptured in low relief, and in a style partaking partly of the antique, and partly of English nature. Immediately above this frieze on the south side, and in the interval between Winter and Spring, the artist has placed a lamb, which is perfectly in season.

Of the bas-reliefs which adorn the sides of the pedestal, and which are in conception and composition, if not of execution, the finest part of the whole pile, one represents the season of *ploughing*, the other that of *harvest* ; and both are so classical in their appearance, and in design so abstracted from localities, that could they have been discovered in Sicily, the cognoscenti would, perhaps, have sworn that Theocritus had seen and studied them when he wrote his *Idyllia*.

As associated with, and calculated to call up, ideas of humble, innocent and laudable occupation, these sculptured pastorals are of high moral value in such a metropolis as this,

where guilty dissimulation and insidiousness so much abound—independent of their merit, and consequent value as works of fine art. Why do we contemplate the innocent occupations of children, and rural life, with sentiments of the purest complacency? Why, but because the soul is revived as it recognises its own nature through the disguise of society, and springs back with ardour toward a state of things on which our ideas of Paradise itself have been rested.

Perhaps no works of art, and no poetry extant, will more forcibly recall what we have read and fancied of the golden age, than these bas-reliefs. They are delightful both in design and execution. To imagine the art as co-existing with these in such an age of happy innocence as is here suggested, raises cold criticism itself almost to rhapsody.

In the first, which occupies the western side of the pedestal, peasants are resting from the labour of the plough; a yoked ox shows the nature of their employment; a ploughman takes a refreshing draught, from his wooden bottle, while a youth blows a horn to call his fellow labourers to an humble repast, which a female is busily engaged in preparing.

——Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat handed Phyllis dresses.

In the other relievo, which decorates the eastern side of the pedestal, reapers and other peasantry are conversing and reposing from the toils of the field. The group consists of a mower, a reaper, a harvest man stooping to bind a sheaf, a shepherd and his dog. The principal and central figure is that of a young female laden with corn, and holding a sickle in her right hand, and is a most exquisite, and, we had almost said, unparalleled piece of sculpture in its kind. In truth, the unsophisticated, self-willed, easy, rustic, grace, of this figure, is raised by the art of the sculptor into intellectual existence—

Her form is fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; a native grace
Sits fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe :

and all the characters are simple ; yet free from any alloy of grossness, while the grouping and drawing are excellent in a very high degree. Modern art, excepting it be in the principal figure of Barry's Grecian Harvest-home, has produced nothing of the kind, which can be compared with this reaper, or which is so perfectly the vigorous offspring of Poetry and Sculpture, generated in their happiest moments.

Mr. Westmacott has wisely chosen to display the most prominent and distinguished trait of the Duke's character, and to that he has confined himself. He has not frittered attention as a common-minded statuary would have done, by endeavouring to make the subject of his chisel appear to have been every thing that is great and good : he does not compliment the Duke of Bedford, by surrounding him with various virtues, and representing him as having been a great statesman, philosopher, patron of art and literature, orator, agriculturist, &c. &c. but by seizing the principal feature of his mental character, and representing him simply as a great agriculturist, or patron of agriculture, he powerfully impresses one important truth, which no spectator will forget, and all who possess the means, may learn to emulate.

The Duke of Bedford's agricultural, is probably the most permanent, as well as honourable and prominent, feature of his character. In his politics, like a large majority of statesmen, he attached himself too much to persons, and attended too little to the ascertainment of principles. As a politician, he might soon have been forgotten, or have been remembered with little interest, while as an agriculturist, posterity for many a century, may with pleasure view the seasons playing round the foot of his statue.

The statue is in fact as much a monument in honour of agriculture as of the late Duke of Bedford ; and, observing the public interest which this excites, we cannot but think it

would be well if our public ways were adorned with statues to other noblemen and noble propensities.

To agriculture, undoubtedly, in every country, *the first* of arts, in point of time, and perhaps of importance, the first honours may be allowed ; but we deem that a sufficient portion of the attention of our nobility and great landed proprietors has already been attracted toward this pursuit ; and among the various arts and sciences, we should not forget that though the *iron* arts are more useful, the *golden* are more precious. A taste for *fine* art, moreover, has a certain grace of disinterestedness, which does not attach to an agricultural duke or great landed proprietor, constantly employing himself in endeavours to increase the produce of his lands.

Wherefore, though the statue to agriculture and the late Duke of Bedford, be extremely fit and proper in point of moral social influence, it makes other statues or other moral works of art yet more necessary than they were. Britain may boast of many a Cornelia, but where is the monument to the maternal character ? Many a Brutus and many a Mæcenas, but where are the public enticements to disinterested patriotism and the patronage of art ?

—
O ! NEVER LET US MARRY.

“ We want no change, and least of all,
“ Such change as you would bring us.—*Pizarro*.

TO ROSA.

If in possession passion die,
And when we marry love deny,
’Tis rapture still to tarry :
If that soft breast must cease to warm,
Those speaking eyes no longer charm,
O never let us marry !

If I shall hang not on thy lip,
Like bees on roses when they sip,
And thence less honey carry ;
If I must cease to think it bliss
To breathe my soul in every kiss,
O never let us marry !

THE SABLE APPARITION, OR MYSTERIOUS BELL ROPE.

—
An extract from a Manuscript Novel.

"'Twas nothing more, indeed my dear uncle! No, indeed, 'twas nothing more! Dear, dear, how could I suppose it to be any thing more? And yet I even tremble now," exclaimed Miss Godfrey to her astonished uncle, as he entered the house. "For heaven's sake, my beloved Frances what has thus dreadfully alarmed you?" returned the old gentleman. "Tell me I beseech you! I'm on the rack till I know what could possibly have the power of alarming you to this dreadful degree. Come my sweet girl, compose yourself and relate to me this "soul harrowing" tale; for I'm half inclined (seeing you smile) to suppose it some imaginary evil." It is indeed, sir, an imaginary evil, and a very foolish fear: I am very, very angry with myself, and am seriously apprehensive, that in disclosing to you my weakness, I shall draw down your very just animadversion; but if you will give me a patient hearing, and not think me too circumstantial in my narrative, I will give you then the seeming cause for the disorder in which you found me." Do not fear censure from me my dear Frances, we all have our weak moments; and I am convinced, a girl with my Fanny's understanding, could not be so alarmed at a very trifling circumstance; therefore proceed, my love; I will promise not to fall asleep over the recital."

"Sitting in my dressing room at work, I was surprised by a very hasty tap at the door, which I opened, when Monsieur l' Abbé appeared before me, with his hair erect, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole frame so convulsed with terror, that I momentarily expected the wax taper which he bore in his hand would make a somerset on my muslin dress. I begged him to inform me if he was ill? whether any thing had alarmed him? if I should ring for his servant? He shook his head in token of disapprobation of my last interrogatory, and in broken and almost inarticulate accents, begged I would indulge him with a moment's hear-

ing. He then, with much difficulty, addressed me as follows :—

“ You know Miss Godfrey, I am the last man in the world to be frightened at bugbears, or in other words, superstition and I were ever sworn enemies : I think, then, after reprobating this weakness in others for fifty years, I have this evening become its victim ; for to that alone must I ascribe my fears. Listen then to the cause of this weakness in me. I was deeply immersed in Horace, when I heard a knocking against the partition that separates the rooms. I paid little or no attention to it at first, when a second time the knocks were repeated with more violence. I then arose, and proceeded to the room where the noise issued ; and directing my eyes towards the bed, to my infinite surprise I perceived the bell-rope making rapid and extensive strides from one side of the partition to the other. After viewing it for a moment, I thought I would take the liberty of stopping the marble breasted gentleman’s progress ; I grasped the bell-rope, it yielded to my embrace, and became quiescent ; I sat a moment to observe it ; it remained quiet, and I returned to my studies. The instant I was seated, the same noise was repeated with increased violence ; I entered the room a second time, and a second time saw the bell-rope in rapid motion. I then examined every corner of the room, without discovering the least trace by which I might elucidate this singular appearance. I again grasped the rope, and again it was motionless : I sat two or three minutes in the room, I believe, during which every thing was perfectly quiet. I returned to my room, when scarcely had I seated myself, ere the same noise met my ear, with a sort of hard breathing. This was more than even my philosophy could bear at that moment, and must plead my excuse for appearing before you in the disordered state which you have just witnessed.” “ You must pardon me, my good sir, for smiling,” I remarked, but I really have scarcely had patience to hear you out, so anxious am I to be introduced to this ghost in the shape of a bell-rope ! lead me to the haunted room, and you will gratify me beyond measure !”

“Magnanimous courage! exclaimed Monsieur, with such a guide, I’d face e’en Beelzebub himself;” when each embracing our taper, we proceeded to the mysterious room. My eager eye sought the bell-rope; but no sooner did I perceive its motion (for it was moving as Monsieur had described) than all my boasted philosophy forsook me. Ashamed to confess as much, I begged my companion to once more stop its progress, and suppressing my emotions, I assisted Monsieur in searching the room. Nothing, however, which possessed animation could we discover, (ourselves excepted) and indeed we could scarcely be said to possess it. Monsieur prevailed on me to retire to his sitting room, when perhaps, he observed, we should hear the noise repeated. I acquiesced, when to my inexpressible horror our ears were assailed by a tremendous knocking, accompanied by a terrific scream. This was more than human nature could bear. I rang the bell with unusual violence, which brought up two of the female servants. Without communicating my fears, I requested that the groom might be called: he came, and thus, in a body we once more ventured to enter this terror striking room, every corner of which was searched without success; when the groom accidentally moving the bed, out sprung our—black cat! She had so completely concealed herself in the head curtain of the bed, that all our endeavours to discover anything were fruitless; and each time we left the room, she amused herself with patting the pull of the bell, which occasioned its motion to the infinite terror of a French philosopher, and an heroic maiden.

“The ‘terrific scream,’ was a faint groan, proceeding from a servant who was ill in the house.”

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MISCELLANY.

Sir,

I send you herewith the first number of a series of Papers, the continuance of which will probably depend upon your opinion of their tendency to amuse or gratify your readers.

That they may not be tried by too rigid rules of criticism—and that more may not be expected from the writer than he means to perform, I deem it necessary to premise that the future numbers, like the present, are intended to consist of such anecdotes respecting the drama and dramatic writers, as I have heretofore, or hereafter may meet with in the course of a very desultory course of reading—of such information of that description, as I have collected in my progress through life—and of such remarks and reflections as they may excite in my mind.

With sincere wishes for the success of your undertaking, I am,

Yours, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

Every One has his Fault.

Among the best dramatic performances that have appeared during the last half of the eighteenth century, I have no hesitation in giving this admirable comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald, a conspicuous place. For strongly marked characters, interesting incidents, correct sentiments, and chaste language, I know none to be preferred to it. It appeared here, at the opening of the New Theatre in 1793, under as much advantage, as if the authoress had actually studied the force of the company, and written the parts for the respective performers. I was somewhat dissatisfied at first with one particular character, lord Norland. I thought it hardly possible such a being could have been drawn from nature. A further view of mankind, has convinced me that I was in error. I annex the dramatis personæ, and leave the reader to judge whether a higher dramatic feast can probably be found at Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

Lord Norland,	Mr. Whitlock,
Capt. Irwin,	Mr. Fennel,
Sir Robert Ramble,	Mr. Chalmers,
Mr. Placid,	Mr. Moreton,
Harmony,	Mr. Bates,
Solus,	Mr. Morris,
Edward,	Mrs. Marshal.
Lady Erwin,	Mrs. Whitlock,
Mrs. Placid,	Mrs. Shaw,
Miss Woburn,	Mrs. Morris,
Miss Spinster,	Mrs. Bates.

It may be heresy and schism to institute the most distant comparison between any modern writer and Shakspeare. But if so, I cannot help being a heretic and schismatic, for I believe that the scene between lord Norland, lady Irwin, and Edward, in which the latter abandons his grandfather, and flies into the arms of his mother, then newly discovered to him, is actually equal, for pathos and interest, to any scene ever represented in the English or any other language. Mrs. Inchbald, it is said, intended this drama for a tragedy, and made captain Irwin suffer death : but by the advice of her friends converted it into a comedy.

—
Prostitution of the Theatre.

THOSE who do not look beyond the mere surface of things, are prone to censure managers with great severity, when Theatres, which ought to be held sacred for exhibiting the grandest effusions of the human mind, are prostituted to puppet-shows, rope dancing, pantomimes and exhibitions of elephants, &c. Whatever of censure is due to this preposterous perversion, attaches elsewhere. It falls on those who frequent theatres. Dr. Johnson, in a prologue which he wrote for Garrick, places this idea in the strongest point of light.

“ Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice :

“ The stage but echoes back the public voice.

“ The drama’s laws the drama’s patrons give :

“ For those who live to please, must please to live.”

And therefore if *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Clandestine Marriage*, the *West Indian*, the *Gamester*, Every one has his fault, and other dramatic works of this order, fail to afford attractions equal to *Mother Goose*, *Cinderilla*, the *Forty thieves*, an elephant, or a band of *Indians*, can it be a subject of surprise if the managers furnish those bills of fare, which possess the greatest gratification for that public on whom they depend?

—
Samuel Foote.

It is an old and trite maxim that ridicule is by no means a test of truth—and yet it is an equally ancient remark, that many a serious truth has been put out of countenance by ridicule, and that ridicule unsupported by wit or humour.

In a song sung by *Mrs. Cibber*, there was this line—

“The roses will bloom when there’s peace in the breast.”

Of the justice of which no man can entertain a doubt. The wicked wit *Foote* parodied the line, thus

“The turtles will coo when there’s peace in their craws,”

And actually destroyed the popularity of the song.

—
A spirited manager.

The latter part of the following interesting anecdote of *Gar-ric* is unaccountably omitted in his life, by his biographer, *Arthur Murphy*.

In the year 1755, the English *Roscus* expended large sums of money in preparing what he termed a *Chinese Festival*, a grand spectacle, on a most magnificent scale. He imported a large number of *Swiss* and *Italians* to appear in it, which excited considerable jealousy among the *London* populace, as a *French* war had then begun, and all foreigners were indiscriminately regarded as *Frenchmen*. There was considerable opposition made the first and second nights of its being exhibited—and the 3d night, *November 18*, there was a large party formed, who were determined to have it suppressed. Violent riots took place—“the rioters tore up the benches, broke “the lustres, threw down the partitions of the boxes, and

“ mounting the stage, demolished the Chinese scenery.” The injury sustained by the manager was very considerable, and required several days, and a very large sum of money to repair.

Some nights after, Garrick appeared on the stage in the character of Archer, and was imperiously and unjustly called upon to beg pardon of the audience. At this, his indignation was enkindled, and he advanced resolutely forward, stating the injury his property had sustained, and assuring them that “ he was above want, superior to insult, and unless he was “ that night permitted to perform his duty to the best of his “ abilities, he would never—never appear upon the stage a- “ gain.” The audience were struck with the justice and propriety of what he said—felt ashamed of the vile scenes that had taken place, and of the indignity that had been offered to an old, a tried, and a deserving favourite; and by an instantaneous burst of applause, bore a strong testimony against the rioters and in favour of the respectable manager.

Moody.

The preceding anecdote leads me to give another of the same description, respecting Moody, a very valuable performer, one of Garrick’s company.

In the beginning of the year 1763, very considerable riots took place in Drury-Lane, in consequence of an effort on the part of Garrick to abolish a shabby practice that had prevailed in London from time immemorial. This was, to admit persons into the theatre after the third act, at half price. Great devastation was committed on every thing that could be destroyed in the theatre. A wicked villain took a light, and was deliberately setting fire to the scenes, which might have caused the death of a portion of the misguided agents in this disgraceful outrage. Moody fortunately perceived him, resolutely interposed, and prevented the perpetration of his nefarious design. The next night that he appeared, he was instantly called upon to beg pardon, for an act which merited the highest gratitude. Moody addressed the audience—

“Gentlemen, if by hindering the house from being burned, and saving many of your lives, I have given you cause of displeasure, I ask your pardon.” This exasperated them still further, and there was an universal outcry that he should beg pardon on his knees. Moody had too much spirit, and too high a sense of his own dignity, to comply—and resolutely addressed them once more—“Gentlemen, I will not degrade myself so low, even in your opinion. By such an act, I should be an abject wretch, unfit ever to appear before you again.” This said, and having made his bow, he retired. Garrick “received him with open arms,” and applauded him for his spirited conduct. The riot still continued, and the manager being called for, he went before the audience, and a loud clamour having been made to dismiss Moody for what was unjustly styled his insolence, Garrick assured them that he should not perform on that stage while he remained under their displeasure. He then went behind the scenes; and, once more embracing Moody, pledged himself to pay his salary, notwithstanding his temporary exile.

Theatrical Licenses.

ALTHOUGH it is generally known that no new dramatic performance can be introduced on the stage in England, without the previous license of the Lord Chamberlain, it is not by any means equally well known to what cause this regulation owes its origin. Henry Fielding composed a theatrical representation to which he gave the name of *Pasquin*, the object of which was to satirize some of the most conspicuous characters in England, and among the number were the minister and many of his friends. This satirical performance became very popular, and was exhibited to crowded audiences for fifty successive nights. The exasperated minister, Robert Walpole, was determined to repress the licentiousness of the stage, and accordingly had a bill brought into parliament to prohibit the representation of any dramatic performance whatever, unless it had received the permission of the Lord chamberlain. This act, which was carried in spite

of the utmost opposition, took from the crown the power of licensing any more theatres, and inflicted considerable penalties on those who should violate its restrictions. *

—
Mrs. Centlivre. The Busy Body.

THE theatrical history affords numberless instances of the fallacy and folly of dogmatic decisions, and premature judgments. It were endless to relate the cases of dramatic performances, which, previous to their being acted, were regarded by managers and actors as execrable, and certain of condemnation—and yet have lived a century beyond the existence of their judges. And the instances are at least as numerous of managers forming the most flattering anticipations of the success, and the consequent emoluments of performances which were, to use the technical term of the theatre, damned by the unanimous consent of the audience.

The *Busy Body*, by Mrs. Centlivre, is a very remarkable case in point. It was decried before its appearance by all the players—Mr. Wilkes, the Garrick of his day, for a time absolutely refused to take a part in it—And the audience went to the theatre, so far prejudiced against it, as to contemplate its condemnation. Yet it was so favourably received, that it had a run of thirteen nights; and, after a lapse of an entire century, for it was first represented in 1709, it is still received with applause, and ranks deservedly high among the stock plays.

—
Gay.—Beggars' opera.

THERE is a still more striking illustration of the position I laid down in the preceding paragraph, than that afforded by the *Busy Body*. The *Beggars' opera* was offered to Cibber and the other managers of Drurylane theatre, and after examination was rejected by them, as not likely to prove successful. The managers of the other theatre had a more correct anticipation of the issue of this production, and hailed it with

* See Baker's companion to the play-house, Vol. I. page 21, 2.

joy and gladness. The event justified their opinion—for never was there a more extraordinary degree of success than attended this rejected performance. It had the unprecedented run of fifty three nights, I believe successively, the first season in London—It spread into every town in the three kingdoms, where there was a theatre, and was every where received with unbounded applause. The songs were printed on ladies' fans—and Miss Fenton, who performed the part of Polly, and who, previous to her appearance in that character was in an inferior grade, became a first rate favourite, and was so high in the public opinion, that she was finally married to a peer of the realm. Gay's profits by this piece were above two thousand pounds sterling, or nearly nine thousand dollars. *

—
A Wine merchant.

Garrick, soon after his arrival in London, went into partnership with his brother Peter, in the wine trade. Their circumstances were very moderate. Foote, with whom it was a universal rule, never to spoil a good story by a scrupulous adherence to truth; very often, at a subsequent period, excited merriment at the expense of the modern Roscius, by the narrative of his adventures at that era of his life. He used to amuse his companions by telling them, that he remembered the time when little Davy lived in Durham court, with three quarts of *vinegar* in his cellar, and took upon himself the style and title of a wine merchant.

—
Garrick once more.

IT is mortifying to reflect how the fairest fame may be destroyed, and the best character be travestied in the public estimation, by a jest, a bon mot, or an epigram, which contains any very pointed allusion. The story tells to advantage. It is no diminution of its chance of progress, that it is in the very last degree void of even the shadow of foundation. Its wit,

* See Baker, Vol. I. page 185.

its humour, or its malignity embalms it, and saves it from destruction. It enlivens social circles—It spreads abroad, and gathers strength as it goes: It is received as complete evidence almost as if it had been judicially established.

These ideas are excited by the excellent and revered character, whose name I have prefixed to this sketch. Of his avarice Foote circulated some droll stories, which have had considerable currency, and found their way into most of the jest books that have been published for these thirty years. And it has been in consequence pretty generally believed that Garrick was a miserable, narrow-souled creature, whom the *auri sacra fames* would lead to any kind of meanness, and who was incapable of a liberal or munificent action. Of him I acknowledge I had formed this opinion: and such has been the opinion of most of my acquaintances. It gives me great pleasure to find that the charge is totally groundless; and that few men ever made a better use of their wealth—none were more ready with their purse on every occasion where distress or misfortune petitioned for assistance, or when any public spirited undertaking had a fair claim upon private liberality.

Malone's sketch of his life, and Boswell's life of Johnson, contain numberless illustrious instances of his beneficence. Johnson, who was much in the habit of collecting money among his friends for the relief of persons in distress or embarrassment, repeatedly declared, that Garrick was always ready on these occasions, and that his contributions exceeded those of other persons in equal circumstances.

Garrick's liberality in the establishment of the fund for the relief of superannuated actors, would alone be sufficient to rescue him from the charge of avarice. He gave a benefit play yearly for that purpose, in which he always acted a leading character. He bestowed on the association two houses for the meetings of the managers;—and when the latter resolved to sell them, as unnecessary, Garrick bought them at the valuation which was set upon them. He after-

wards bequeathed them by his will to the increase of the fund.

As it was damned.

ONE of Henry Fielding's farces having been hissed from the stage, the author, when he published it, instead of the usual annunciation, "as it was performed at the theatre royal," &c. substituted a more correct reading, "*as it was damned* at the theatre royal, Drury Lane." This laudable example of candor has never since been copied by any of the bards whose performances have experienced the same awful fate.

Vindication of Lord Rochester.

A MISCREANT of the name of Fishbourne in the reign of Charles II. published a vile play, called Sodom, so detestably obscene, that the earl of Rochester, then in the full career of licentiousness and debauchery, finding it ascribed to him, thought it necessary publicly to disclaim the infamy of the authorship. This circumstance, coupled with the gross tendency of most of even the best plays of that time, must convey to the reader a tolerably correct idea how far the wretched author had outstripped his companions in the career of turpitude.

An elegant translation.

ONE Gordon (not Thomas Gordon, the translator of Tacitus) translated Terence in the year 1752, and rendered the words, *ignarum artis meretricis*, "*quite a stranger to the trade of these b——s.*"

Beware of a too free use of the bottle.

ONE Henry Higden, a dramatic writer about the close of the seventeenth century, wrote a comedy, called the *Wary Widow*, in which he introduced so many drinking scenes, that the actors were completely drunk before the end of the third act, and being therefore unable to proceed with the play, they dismissed the audience.

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

I have always considered those combinations which are formed in the playhouse as acts of fraud or cruelty. He that applauds him who does not deserve praise, is endeavouring to deceive the public. He that hisses in malice or in sport is an oppressor and a robber.

Dr. Johnson's Idler, No. 25.

DOMESTIC CRITICISM.

IN dramatic criticism the leading characters of the play, and the actors who perform them, lay claim to the first and most particular investigation. Those upon whom the more enlightened part of the public have bestowed the greatest approbation, require the most severe scrutiny, since they only can affect the public taste. Birds of passage too who like Mr. Cooper and Master Payne "*come like shadows, so depart,*" are entitled to priority of attention; we therefore in our last number, travelled with Mr. Cooper through the characters he performed on his first visit to Philadelphia, without adverting to the other performers, except in a few instances, in which the sterling merit of Mr. Wood impressed itself so strongly on our minds, that we could not resist our desire to do it justice, and his characters were so closely connected with those of Mr. Cooper, that we thought they could not well be separated. It would indeed be difficult to discuss Mr. Cooper's merits in *Zanga* or *Pierre*, without dwelling upon the able support he received in them, from Mr. Wood's *Alonzo* and *Jaffier*. We cannot, however, drop Mr. Wood there, since we rather glanced at, than reviewed his performances. The public no doubt expect something more from us on that gentleman's subject: the rapid

advances he makes to professional excellence, and the large space he now fills in public estimation, leave to the critic no discretion. Such as the actor is, he must be shown. It is a duty which we could not evade if we would; and we should be sorry to be so deficient in taste, as not to discharge it with pleasure.

Of no actor with whom we are acquainted can it with more truth be said than it may of Mr. Wood, that he never performs a character positively ill. A judgment clear, sound, and in general severely correct, with exemplary labour and industry, secure him completely, even in those characters for which he is least fitted, from offending the taste of his auditors, or rendering his performance ridiculous; an assertion we would hazard on the head of very few if any actors in America. This is to put our opinion of him at once at the lowest: yet even that would appear something to any one who could conceive the disgust with which it often falls to our lot to turn from the scene before us.

There is not in the whole catalogue of acting plays a character more disadvantageous to an actor, than that of Alonzo. A compound of imbecility and baseness, yet an object of commiseration: an unmanly, blubbering, lovesick, querulous creature; a soldier, whining, piping and besprent with tears, destitute of any good quality to gain esteem, or any brilliant trait or interesting circumstance to relieve an actor under the weight of representing him. In addition to this, there are so many abrupt variations and different transitions that it requires great talents in an actor to get through it, without incurring a share of the contempt due to the character. Viewing him in this way, we could not help regretting that it should devolve upon a young actor, who could scarcely expect to escape unhurt in it. Our surprise was great, nor was our pleasure less, to find in Mr. Wood's performance, a pleasing marked delineation of the best features of Alonzo, with the worst considerably softened and relieved. Seldom is a character so indebted to the aid of an actor as this to the judgment of Mr. Wood. Dr. Young's muse flags most dole-

fully in this part, and Mr. Wood did more than could be expected to bear her up. We could not help wishing upon the occasion that Alonzo could have bartered a portion of his judgment for a share of the physical powers of Zanga; both would profit by the exchange.

In the Copper Captain Mr. Wood had a character very favourable to the actor, and well suited to his powers and talents. Michael, however, is one of those vigorous productions of the old comic muse in which a player incurs the danger of overshooting the mark in his efforts not to fall short of it. One in which while the judicious actor luxuriates, and gives a force to his whole comic powers, he finds it difficult to observe very strictly the *ne quid nimis* of the critic. The correct and chaste judgment of Mr. Wood kept the bridle so firm on his performance of it, that we do not think he once "o'erstepped the modesty of nature."

In his performance of Iago we thought Mr. Wood inferior to himself. How could he or any actor be expected to get through his business under the circumstances of the theatre on that evening. A band of drunken butchers had got into two of the front boxes, and converted them into a grog-shop!

In the prince of Wales in Henry IV. Mr. Wood displayed the versatility of his talents. In the gay, thoughtless, trifling rake, the "madcap" prince, he was spirited, and playful without puerility; in the serious parts, whether as the penitent apologizing son, or the martial hero, he was judicious, impressive, and not deficient in military importance.

Where we see so much merit, merit so entirely his own, we advert to faults with great reluctance. But it is our duty and we must do it. Of the contagious nature of the KEMBLE PLAGUE in acting we cannot adduce a more lamentable proof than that it sometimes taints even this very judicious performer. How has it been endured by the British public, how can it be reconciled to common sense, that players who are supposed to represent human beings, and who assume to speak and act as men in real existence, speak and act in the

commerce of the world, should constantly utter the lines set down for them, in such a manner as no rational creature in real life ever yet did utter them, or ever will? Does it give force, interest or dignity to the lines of a speech to take up twice or thrice as much time in speaking them as the most formal, deliberate, or pompous prig of an orator would employ upon them? Why will not actors condescend to speak "*like the folks of this world*," particularly as they pretend to imitate them? We never were at a royal levee—but we have been at the pains to ask several persons who have been, whether any king, or prince, or peer spoke there, as Mr. Kemble or as Mr. Holman, or Mr. Pope after him, speak in Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, &c. and the uniform answer has been that the great men at court speak just like all gentlemen in private society. As to public orators, we can say that Mr. Kemble and his disciples occupy one third, or at least one fourth more time in delivering any given number of words than ever the stately William Pitt in his most slow and solemn exordiums. Yet this they call speaking naturally—imitating the conduct of men.

We do not allude to proper *pauses*, in the duration of which the actor may be allowed some little license—and an extension of which is frequently a beauty, Thus when *Balthazar* informs *Romeo* of *Juliet's* death, Mr. Cooper maintained a pause of great length with the most felicitous effect. He stood overwhelmed, stupified, and bereft of speech with horror and astonishment, then said

"Is it even so?—then I defy you stars !

and paused again. Here like a great artist he filled up the picture of which Shakspeare only gave the outlines: but when, afterwards he expostulated with the apothecary, we could see no reason why he should deliver out the lines syllable by syllable like drops of blood reluctantly given from the heart.

Art—thou—so—bare—and—full—of—wretchedness
And—fear'st—to—die ?

To us the last appeared as ludicrous as the former was beautiful and affecting. But, "in the name of all the gods at once," why this? Though Mr. Wood sometimes falls into this error, a few of the first lines of his Jaffier smacked of it wofully. We should find no apprehension of laying any sum upon it, if the thing could possibly be ascertained, that in pronouncing the words

Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!

My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch

You think me.

he occupied full double the time that Barry did, or even the late Hodgkinson, whose good fortune it was not to have studied, or seen, or drawn one drop of his professional sap from the great root of these abuses. It is said by some of Mr. Kemble's advocates that he speaks in that manner from necessity—that he does it to nurse his voice in the beginning, which else would flag before the end of a long performance. If this were a sufficient excuse for Mr. K. we should not disallow it in the case of any other gentleman who labours under the disadvantage of a weak voice. But we think it is not; it would be infinitely better for the audience to compound with the actor and allow him resting between the speech times. The majestic Spranger Barry when we last saw him was not only so decrepit that he hobbled along the stage, and so bent in the middle that his body formed an angle with his lower limbs, almost as acute as that of a mounted telescope, but was so encumbered by infirmity and high living that upon any violent exertion of the lungs he puffed very painfully; yet even in that state we have heard him speak the part of *Rhadamistus* in *Zenobia*, with all the fire, rapidity, and animation of youth, his fine person all the time raised erect for the purpose: but as soon as the speech was over, down he sunk again to his angle, and puffed and blowed, while the audience, with emotions mixed up of admiration and grief gazed in a kind of melancholy delight on the finest ruin that ever time made in the works of nature: thunders and shouts of plaudits

filled the house; every female was seen gazing upon the wonderful man as if her eyes were nailed upon their axes, and were melting away with floods of tears, while he, from a face of almost divine sweetness, gave back their love and their indulgence with interest. He was allowed to take his own time—not in the speeches, but between them.

Though these remarks are introduced in a part of our criticism dedicated to the performances of Mr. Wood, we by no means would have it understood that it applies exclusively, or even particularly to him. There is no performer on the American stage, perhaps, to whom they less frequently apply; but we have started the subject with him purposely to point out by an instance *a fortiori* how dangerous it is to a young actor, not to guard against a great imperfection. When he whose sound judgment and industry may reasonably be supposed to secure him from such errors, insensibly falls into them, actors of inferior capacity and less industry will see, or at least ought to see the necessity of standing upon a more vigilant guard.

Since the subject is started we will proceed with it, though perhaps to the exclusion from this number of some other matter originally intended for it. Can those, who, loving the drama, and feeling its beauties with a true classic spirit, wish to see the public taste won over to the tragic muse, hope that it can be accomplished, or can they be surprised that on the contrary, tragedy so often excites merriment when they reflect upon the way dramatic poetry is often delivered upon the stage. Let the first three men who pass by the playhouse door be called in, one of them taken from the highest order of life, a second from the middle order, and the third from the very lowest class—let them hear a tragedy through, or even some parts of a comedy, and let them then give their verdict as on oath, whether what they heard, resembled anything they had ever heard before out of a playhouse, or perchance a madhouse, and they must answer in the negative or perjure themselves.

This was one of the evils which Garrick had the glory of eradicating. Just before him, actors spoke in the ti-tum-ti monotonous sing-song way of the new school. Old Macklin some years ago, assured the writer of this, that except in some few declamatory speeches, or in the ghost of Hamlet, QUIN would not be endured at that time in tragedy: and what said this Quin himself when he was prevailed upon to go to Goodman's Fields to see Garrick for the first time? "I dont know what to say," he replied to one who asked his opinion of the young actor, "but if he be right, *we have all been wrong.*" Quin's integrity would not let him deny a truth which his judgment told him in the very teeth of his prejudices.

Absurd and *unnatural* as this miserable mode of speech is, it is very difficult to be got rid of, when it once becomes habitual to an actor; a memorable instance of which was old MR. WIGNELL of Covent garden, the father of our late manager. He was one of the Quin school, and if now alive and able to act, would once more hitch in very handsomely with the recitatives of the new academy of acting, for, says the author of the Thespian dictionary, "*He possessed the singular talent of imparting stateliness to comic dialogues, and merriment to tragic scenes.*" Of this gentleman many anecdotes are recorded, curious in themselves, and well deserving the consideration of young actors.

Upon the revival of the tragedy of Cato in London (Cato by Sheridan) Mr. Wignell was put forward in his old established part of Portius. In the first scene he stepped forward in his accustomed strut and began

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs
And heavily with clouds brings on the day.

At this moment the audience began to vociferate "prologue, prologue, prologue," when Wignell finding them resolute without moving from the spot, without pausing, or changing his tone of voice, but in all the pomposity of tragedy, went on as if it were part of the play.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no
Prologue spoken to this play these twenty years—
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome."——

This wonderful effusion put the audience in good humour—they laughed incontinently—clapped and shouted *bravo*, and Wignell proceeded with his usual stateliness, self-complacency, and composure.

Mr. Wignell's biographer above mentioned relates the following anecdote. "During a rehearsal of *the suspicious husband*, Mr. Garrick exclaimed "pray Mr. Wignell, why cannot you enter and say, "*Mr. Strictland, sir, your coach is ready*, without all the declamatory pomp of Booth or Quin?—"Upon my soul, Mr. Garrick, replied poor Wignell, *I thought I had kept the sentiment down as much as possible.*" When Macklin performed *Macbeth* Wignell played the *doctor*, and in this serious character provoked loud fits of laughter.

The above facts contain a valuable lesson to actors, some of whom can, no more than Mr. Wignell, *get the sentiment down*, when they have an event of such importance to announce as *the coach being ready*. In serious truth we are persuaded that the fulsome, bombastical ridiculous stateliness of some actors, tends to bring tragedy into disrepute, to deprive it of its high preeminence, and must ultimately disgust the multitude with some of the noblest productions of the human mind.

Two other characters of the tragedies already alluded to, demand from the justice of criticism the most full and unmixed praise. *Falstaff* in *Henry IV.* and *Cacafogo* in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, had in Mr. Warren a most able representative. Having seen several—the select ones of the last five and thirty years—we can truly say, without entering into nice comparisons, that if we were to sit to those two plays a hundred times in America or Great Britain, we could be well contented with just such a *Falstaff* and just such a *Cacafogo* as Mr. Warren.

The Foundling of the Forest.

In our first number we made a few observations on this comedy. They were not very favourable to it ; and, notwithstanding its great success in representation, we are not at all disposed to retract any of them, because our opinion of the intrinsic value of the piece is not in the least altered. In representation it is all—in the closet nothing. This arises from the conduct of the plot, which indeed constitutes the whole of its merit. In Europe, as in America, the judgment of every critic is at variance with the decision of the multitude upon it, for while at the Lyceum it has been applauded by “the million,” it has been lashed by the judicious, in various respectable publications.

The time has been, nor has it long passed by, when that body in the community who decided the fate of every literary performance, far from being contented with EFFECT upon the stage, condemned it, if it were not produced by an adequate CAUSE in nature. To that body the Farrago of Melodrame, written spectacle, and mysterious agency, would have been objects of ridicule or disapprobation, and the just influence of their opinions upon the public would have driven back the German muse with all her paraphernalia of tempests, castles, dungeons, and murderers, to rave on her native ground : except in their proper place (farce or pantomime) they would not have been tolerated. To write only to the passions, to expose human beings to circumstances that cannot in the natural course of life occur, and release them by means which outrage all probability, and to those ends to urge vice and virtue beyond all possible bounds, and fabricate extreme characters such as have rarely or never existed, characters either better than saints, or worse than devils, for the mere purpose of producing horror and astonishment, and hanging up the feelings of the multitude on the tenterhooks of fearful suspense and painful apprehension—to violate all the rules prescribed by nature and experience, and place heroes and heroines in situations so far out of the course of human conduct, that the poet cannot get them out again by rational, feasible means, but

is compelled to leave their fate to the guess of the spectators by picturesque grouping and dropping the curtain. What is this but to reverse the very nature of the drama, "Whose end," says its father Shakspeare, "both at the first and now, was "and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature, to show "Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very "age and body of the Time his form and pressure."

By such miserable expedients as these, the fascinating effects of the Foundling of the Forest are produced. But in the management of those materials, the author has displayed unparalleled skill. The story in its original outline is certainly interesting, and the plot is not only skilfully developed but artfully contrived as a vehicle for stage effect—for such merely, has the author evidently intended it; his arrangement of the machinery, such as it is, demands warm praise for its perspicuity and just order, and if the alarming and horrific be legitimate objects for a dramatist, Mr. Dimond has succeeded most marvellously.

The sorriest critic, however, knows that horror ought not to be produced on the stage. The boundary that separates terror from horror, is the lawful limit—the line not to be broken—the *Rubicon* which when the poet passess, he commits treason against the sovereign laws of the drama. The *mighty magician of Udolpho*, as the author of the pursuits of Literature calls Mrs. Radcliff, with powers almost beyond human, infused into the British public a taste for the horrible which has not yet been palled by the nauseous draughts of it, poured forth by her impotent successors. One would think that, like Macbeth, the novel and play reading world had by this time, supped full of horrors; but not so—every season brings forth a new proof that that taste so far from being extinguished, has grown to an appetite canine and ravenous which devours with indiscriminating greediness the elegant cates of the sumptuous board and the offal of the shambles; provided only that they have sufficient of the German haut-gout of the marvellous and horrible.

“Plot—plot—plot,” says an enlightened British critic, “have been Mr. Dimond’s three studies.” But what shall be said of the characters. To any one who frequents the theatre, the characters of Longueville, L’Eclair, Gaspard, Rosabelle, and perhaps more, are quite familiar. They are among the worn out slippers of the modern dramatists. The character of Bertrand is a moral novelty on the stage, and not less unnatural than novel. Unnatural, not because he repents with a remorse truly horrible, but because, while filled with that remorse, he submits to be a murderer and a villain rather than violate an *oath* he had made to perpetrate any crime Longueville should command. This unfortunate wretch is kept in torments through the whole play, and after having by an act of bold and resolute virtue expiated his crimes and brought about the happy catastrophe of the piece, is left to sneak off unrewarded. As to Florian, though obviously intended for the hero of the tale, he is a strange nondescript, in whose language the author has given buffoonery by way of wit, and bombast by way of dignity. The Count De Valmont is a most interesting personage, and so is the countess Eugenia.

Of the acting we can with truth speak more favourably than of the writing. The characters throughout were well supported; but Mr. Wood in De Valmont and Mr. M’Kenzie in Bertrand were so striking and impressive that the critic’s attention was chiefly attracted by them. Mr. Wood’s performance was exquisitely fine even on the first night, and every repetition disclosed augmented excellence. In the second scene of the second act, where Bertrand prostrates himself before Eugenia, Mr. M’Kenzie presented in his posture of supplication, such a natural yet terrible, picture of the humiliating effects of guilt and consequent remorse, as could not fail to make an awful impression on the most hardened and unfeeling sinner. In Longueville Mr. Warren was, as he always is, correct and respectable, and Mr. Cone made much more of the ticklish part of Florian than we had a right to expect. In L’Eclair Mr. Jeffer-

son was, as he seldom fails to be, diverting : But on a future occasion we propose saying a few words, by way of friendly expostulation with this powerful actor, who, yielding to the baneful itch for gallery applause, is gradually sullyng some of the finest talents, once the chastest, too, upon the stage. In his *Rosabelle* (Mrs. Wilmot) he might see admirable comic powers, and great histrionic skill, which the public applause of years has not yet misled into the vulgar track—"the pitiful ambition of setting on some quantity of *barren* spectators to laugh" by buffoonery.

Mrs. Wood maintained her long acknowledged claim upon the respect and approbation of her audience, and gained for the lovely sufferer *Eugenia*, all the sympathy which the author could have hoped to excite. Always highly interesting, one cant tell why—never incorrect or indifferent—often extremely impressive in characters of a serious cast, we think that comedy is her *forte*. In several parts, some too indeed which verged upon the lower comedy, we have noticed enough to convince us, that by a studious, and as far as might be, exclusive attention to the comic muse, Mrs. W. would soon become one of her most distinguished favourites.

In our next number Mr. COOPER's second series of performances will be attended to—particularly his *Orsino*, in which it gives us pleasure to observe that we could not discover a fault, but all was uniform excellence. This character we consider as making an era in the history of Mr. Cooper's acting. *ALPHONSO* is a tragedy which merits frequent repetition.

A

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,

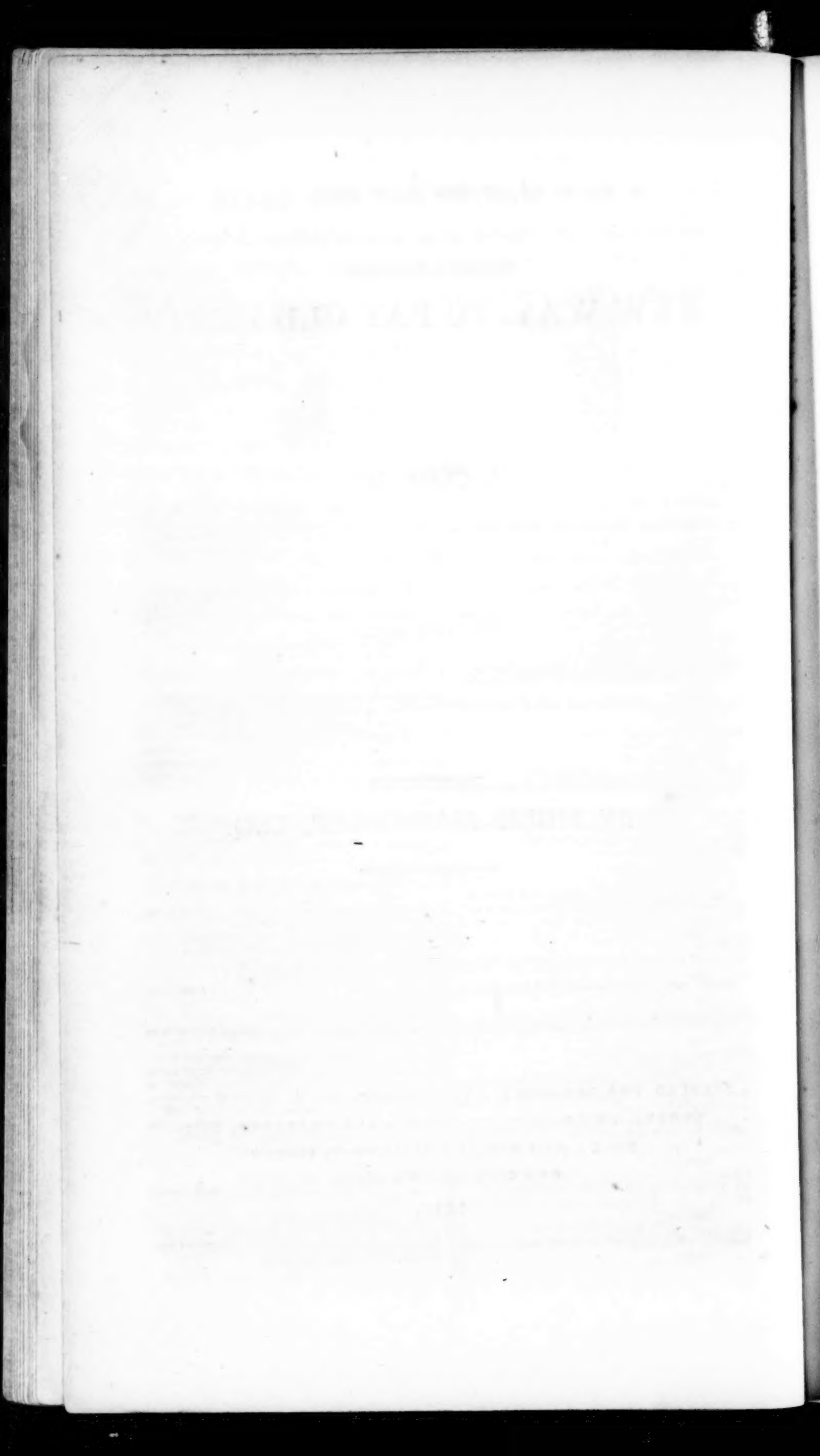
A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER, ESQ.

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BY SMITH AND M'KENZIE.

1810.



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Lord Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach.
Justice Greedy.
Wellborn.
Allworth.
Marall.
Order.
Furnace.
Amble.
Tapwell.

Welldo.
Watchall.
Vintner.
Tailor.
Creditors.
Lady Allworth.
Margaret.
Froth.
Bridget.
Barbara.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of a Village Alehouse.*

Enter Wellborn, Tapwell, and Froth, from the House.

Wellb. No liquor? nor no credit?

Tap. None, sir, for you;
Not the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your
morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.

Wellb. Verity, you brach!
The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth! durst I trust you with a looking-
glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit
me,

And take the name yourself.

Wellb. How? dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance a foot,
There dwells, and within call (if it please your
worship.)

A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;
Such as with great dexterity will haul
Your poor tatter'd—

Wellb. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat; there being no water near
To quench your thirst: and sure, for other li-
quor,

I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream,
sir.

Wellb. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st
thou talk thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tap-
well

Does keep no other register.

Wellb. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent. Now, for a farewell:
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will tor-
ment you,

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace, and
quorum;

And stood fair to be custos rotulorum:
Bore the whole sway of the shire; kept a great
house:

Reliev'd the poor, and so forth: but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a-year coming to you,
Late Mr. Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—

Wellb. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly,
You cannot be out of your way.

Tap. But to my story; I shall proceed, sir:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler: note the change now;
You had a merry time of 't: Hawks and hounds;
With choice of running horses; mistresses,
And other such extravagancies;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observ-
ing,

Resolving not to lose so fair an opportunity,
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your lavishness; and
Having got your land, then left you.
While I, honest Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth
here;

Gave entertainment—

Wellb. Yes, to whores and pickpockets.

Tap. True; but they brought in profit;
And had a gift to pay what they call'd for;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor
income

I glean'd from them, hath made me, in my pa-
rish,

Thought worthy to be scavenger; and, in time,
May rise to be overseer of the poor:

Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter;
And you shall thank my worship.

Wellb. Thus, you dog-bolt—

And thus— [Beats him.

Tap. Cry out for help!

Wellb. Stir, and thou diest:

Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save
you.

Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots
And thought your holiday coat too coarse to
clean them.

'Twas I, that when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor; 'twas I that gave it,
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I cannot, sir.

Wellb. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such rascals
rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and beat thee into remembrance;
Not leave one bone unbroken.

Tap. Oh!

Enter Allworth.

Allw. Hold; for my sake, hold!

Deny me, Frank? they are not worth your anger?

Wellb. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre: [Shaking his Cudgel.

But let them vanish;

For if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband! you presum'd

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth,

There's no law to cure our bruises.

[They go off into the House.

Wellb. Sent for to your mother?

Allw. My lady, Frank! my patroness! my all! She's such a mourner for my father's death, And, in her love to him, so favours me, That I cannot pay too much observance to her. There are few such stepdames.

Wellb. 'Tis a noble widow, And keeps her reputation pure, and clear From the least taint.

Pr'ythee, tell me Has she no suitors?

Allw. Even the best of the shire, Frank, My lord excepted: such as sue, and send, And send, and sue again; but to no purpose. Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;

Yet, she's so far from sullenness and pride, That, I dare undertake, you shall meet from her A liberal entertainment.

Wellb. I doubt it not: but hear me, Allworth, And take from me good counsel, I am bound to give it.—

Thy father was my friend; and that affection I bore to him, in right descends to thee: Thou art a handsome, and a hopeful youth, Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee, If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allw. I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what

Do I run the hazard?

Wellb. Art thou not in love?

Put it not off with wonder.

Allw. In love?

Wellb. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;

And with my finger, can point out the north star, By which the loadstone of your folly's guided. And, to confirm this true, what think you of Fair Margaret, the only child, and heir Of cornorant Overreach? Dost blush and start, To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want Of wit and reason.

Allw. Howe'er you have discovered my intents, You know my aims are lawful; and if ever The queen of flowers, the glory of the Spring, The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose, Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer, There's such disparity in their conditions, Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter, And the base churl her father.

Wellb. Grant this true,

As I believe it; canst thou ever hope To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father Ruin'd thy state?

Allw. And yours, too.

Wellb. I confess it, Allworth. But, I must tell you as a friend, and freely, Where impossibilities are apparent. Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee) That Sir Giles Overreach (that, to make her great

In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,

Will cut his neighbour's throat, and, I hope, his own too)

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er, And think of some course suitable to thy rank, And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advis'd me.

But, in the meantime, you that are so studious Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own. Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Wellb. No matter! no matter!

Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:

You know my fortune, and my means; yet something

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Wellb. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry. There's eight pieces

To put you in better fashion.

Wellb. Money from thee?

From a boy? a dependant? one that lives

At the devotion of a step-mother,

And the uncertain favour of a lord?

I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;

Though I am thrust out of an alehouse,

And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,

Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;

Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.

And as I, in my madness, broke my state,

Without the assistance of another's brain,

In my right wits I'll piece it. At the worst,

Die thus, and be forgotten. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—A Chamber in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Furnace, Amble, Order, and Watchall.

Order. Set all things right; or as my name is Order,

Whoever misses in his function,

For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry,

Good master steward.

Fur. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up: then 'tis allow'd,

Cooks by their places, may be cholerick.

Fur. You think you have spoken wisely, good-man Amble,

My lady's go-before.

Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen?

At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry:

And, thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers I will be angry.

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Fur. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

Order. With whom?

Fur. No matter whom: yet, now I think on't, I'm angry with my lady.

Amble. Heaven forbid, man!

Order. What cause has she given thee?

Fur. Cause enough, master steward:

I was entertained by her to please her palate;

And, till she foreswore eating, I perform'd it.

Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,

Though I crack'd my brains to find out tempting sauces,

And raise fortifications in the pastry.

When I am three parts roasted,

And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,

Or water-gruel, my skill never thought on.

Order. But your art is seen in the dining room.

Fur. By whom?

By such as pretend to love her; but come

To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much, as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.

Order. Justice Greedy?

Fur. The same, the same. Meat's cast away
upon him;

It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.

Watch. One knocks.

[*Allworth knocks, and enters.*]

Order. Our late young master.

Amble. Welcome, sir.

Fur. Your hand—

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready,
We are all your servants.

All. At once, my thanks to all:

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady Allworth.

Order. Her presence answers for us.

Lady A. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

Fur. You air, and air;

But will never taste but spoon meat more:
To what use serve I?

Lady A. Pr'ythee, be not angry,
I shall, ere long: i'th' mean time, there
Is gold for thee.

Fur. I am pleas'd—and Furnace now grows
cold.

Lady A. And, as I gave directions, if this morn-
ing

I am visited by any, entertain them

As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,

I am indispos'd.

Order. I shall, madam.

Lady A. Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt Order, Amble, Watchall and
Furnace.*]

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

Allw. I shall gladly grow here,

To wait on your commands.

Lady A. So soon turn'd courtier?

Allw. Style not that courtship, madam, which
is duty,

Purchas'd on your part.

Lady A. Well, you shall o'ercome;

I'll not contend in words. How is it

With your noble master?

Allw. Ever like himself.

No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:

He did command me (pardon my presumption),

As his unworthy deputy,

To kiss your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady A. I am honour'd in

His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose

For the Low Countries?

Allw. Constantly, good madam:

But he will, in person, first present his service.

Lady A. And how approve you of his course?

You are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any

Inscription, virtuous or honourable.

I will not force your will, but leave you free

To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please

I will put on: but might I make my choice,

With humble emulation, I would follow

The path my lord marks to me.

Lady A. 'Tis well answer'd,

And I commend your spirit: you had a father,

(Bless'd be his memory) that some few hours

Before the will of Heaven took him from me,

Did commend you, by the dearest ties

Of perfect love between us, to my charge:

And, therefore, what I speak, you are bound to
hear

With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.

Allw. I have found you,

Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;

And with my utmost strength of care and ser-
vice,

Will labour that you never may repent

Your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lady A. I much hope it.

These were your father's words: If e'er my son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school

Where all the principles tending to honour

Are taught, if truly follow'd: But for such

As repair thither, as a place in which

They do presume, they may with license practise

Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit

The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly

In a fair cause, and for the country's safety,

To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;

To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;

To bear with patience the winter's cold,

And summer's scorching heat—

Are the essential parts make up a soldier;

Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

Allw. There's no syllable

You speak, but it is to me an oracle;

Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady A. To conclude—

Beware ill company; for, often, men

Are like to those with whom they do converse:

And from one man I warn you, and that's Well-

born:

Not cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;

But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,

And hath to vicious courses sold himself.

'Tis true your father lov'd him, while he was

Worthy the loving; but, if he had liv'd

To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,

As you must do.

Allw. I shall obey in all things.

Lady A. Follow me to my chamber; you shall
have gold

To furnish you like my son, and still supplied

As I hear from you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.*

*Enter Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furn-
ace, Watchall, and Marall.*

Greedy. Not to be seen?

Sir G. Still cloister'd up?—Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she makes herself
Close prisoner for ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her will:

Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly wel-
come:

And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary; which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Order. Yes, Mr. Greedy.

Amble. How his mouth runs o'er!

Fur. I'll make it run, and run. 'Save your
good worship!

Greedy. Honest Mr. Cook, thy hand; again!—
How I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you have a mind to feed there is a
chine

Of beef, well season'd.

Greedy. Good.

Fur. A pheasant larded—

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Fur. Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest of
Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man?

Fur. A stag, sir; part of it is prepar'd for din-
ner,

And bak'd in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too, Sir Giles!

A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And red deer too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Sir G. You know, we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission, And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes: I'll prove't, for such a dinner,

We may put off a commission; you shall find it *Henrici decimo quarto.*

Sir G. Fie, Mr. Greedy!

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner? No more, for shame! We must forget the belly, When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me. I could even cry now. Do you hear, Mr. Cook?

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty;

And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,

Send you a brace of three-pences.

Fur. Will you be so prodigal?

Sir G. Remember me to your lady.

Enter Wellborn.

Who have we here?

Wellb. Don't you know me?

Sir G. I did once, but now I will not;

Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!

If ever thou presume to own me more,

I'll have thee cag'd and whipt.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant. *[Exit Marall.]*

I do love thee, Furnace,

E'en as I do malmsey in a morning.

Think of pye-corner, Furnace!

[Exit Sir Giles and Greedy.]

Watch. Will you out, sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is rudeness, And saucy impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay To be serv'd among your fellows from the basket, But you must press into the hall?

Fur. Pr'ythee, vanish Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty; My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Wellb. This is rare:

Oh, here is Tom Allworth! Tom!

Allw. We must be strangers;

Nor would I have seen you here for a million.

[Exit.]

Wellb. Better and better. He contemns me too.

Enter Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. Oh! what a smell's here? What thing is this?

Cham. Oh! a filthy creature!

Let us hence, for love's sake, or I shall swoon!

Woman. I begin to faint, too. *[Exit.]*

Watch. Will you know your way?

Amble. Or shall we teach it you, By the head and shoulders?

Wellb. No; I will not stir:

Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves, Created only to make legs, and cringe; To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher; That have not souls to hope a blessing Beyond your master's leavings; you that were born

Only to consume meat and drink;

Who advances? Who shows me the way?

Order. Here comes my lady.

Enter Lady Allworth.

Lady A. What noise is this?

Wellb. Madam, my designs bear me to you.

Lady A. To me?

Wellb. And though I have met with But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,

I hope from you to receive that noble usage,

As may become the true friend of your husband; And then I shall forget these.

Lady A. I am amaz'd,

To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,

Though sworn, that it can ever find belief, That I, who to the best men of this country Denied my presence since my husband's death, Can fall so low as to change words with thee?

Wellb. Scorn me not, good lady;

But, as in form you are angelical, Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe At least awhile to hear me. You will grant, The blood that runs in this arm is as noble As that which fills your veins; your swelling titles,

Equipage and fortune; your men's observance; And women's flattery, are in you no virtues; Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices. You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it; Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more Than in the pious sorrow you have shown For your late noble husband.

Order. How she starts!

Wellb. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune,

Almost as low as I. Want, debts, and quarrels, Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought A boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.

'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword That did on all occasions second his;

I brought him on and off with honour, lady:

And when in all men's judgments he was sunk, And in his own hopes not to be buoyed up;

I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand, And brought him to the shore.

Fur. Are not we base rogues

That could forget this?

Wellb. I confess you made him

Master of your estate; nor could your friends, Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind Made up of all parts, either great or noble, So winning a behaviour, not to be Resisted, madam.

Lady A. 'Tis most true, he had.

Wellb. For his sake then, in that I was his friend, Do not contemn me.

Lady A. For what's past excuse me; I will redeem it.

Order. give this gentleman an hundred pounds.

Wellb. Madam, on no terms:

I will not beg nor borrow sixpence of you;

But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.

Only one suit I make, which you deny not

To strangers; and 'tis this: pray give me leave. *[Whispers to her.]*

Order. *[Aside.]* What means this, I trow?

Fur. Mischief to us, if he has malice

To return our favour to him.

Order. Be still, and let us mark.

Lady A. Fie, nothing else?

Wellb. Nothing; unless you please to charge your servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady A. What you demand is yours.

If you have said all,

When you please you may retire.

Wellb. I thank you, lady.

[Exit Lady Allworth.]

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit, Is yet in supposition. *[Servants bow.]* Nay, all's forgotten, all forgiven.

All. Good, dear, sweet, merry Mr. Wellborn!

[Exit Servants.]

Wellb. 'Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady, Who can, at once, so kindly meet my purposes, And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem Her husband's friend! When, by this honest plot, The world believes she means to heal my wants

With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute, and I be left at large
To practise on my uncle Overreach;
Whose foul, rapacious spirit, (on the hearing
Of my encouragement from this rich lady,)
Again will court me to his house and patronage.
Here I may work the measure to redeem
My mortgag'd fortune, which he stripped me of,
When youth and dissipation quell'd my reason.
The fancy pleases—if the plot succeed,
'Tis a new way to pay old debts indeed!

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sir Giles's House.

Enter Sir Giles Overreach and Marall.

Sir G. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air; and yet
The chap-fallen justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too;
(With your good favour) to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Sir G. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice. He, that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.

Sir G. Thou art a fool:
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire:
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't: 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other
wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
(With your good patience) to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land lying in the midst of your many
lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Sir G. I have thought on't, Marall;
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Sir G. I'll, therefore, buy some cottage near
his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his
fences,

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits, expenses;

Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have hurried him thus, two or three
years,

Though he sue forma pauperis, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore
you!

Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title; want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess the land.

Mar. Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Sir G. Well thought on.

This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long, to upbraid
me

With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor
cold

Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.

I have us'd all means; and the last night I caus'd
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and
tenants,

And on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,
Tho' a crust of mouldy bread would keep him
from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him.

Sir G. That was something, Marall, but thou
must go farther;

And suddenly, Marall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Sir G. I would have thee seek him out; and,
if thou canst,

Persuade him, that 'tis better steal, than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do anything to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Sir G. I am now on my main work, with the
Lord Lovell;

The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country; and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young mistress.

Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable;
Right honourable, Marall; my right honourable
daughter;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I will have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That, for cast clothes, and meat, will gladly serve
her.

And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Sir G. And, therefore, I'll not have a chamber-
maid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such, whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us, and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See! who's here, sir?

Sir G. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Wellb. Call me what you will; I am your ne-
phew, sir.

Sir G. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,
rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marall, this is the time to work him.

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

[Exit Sir Giles Overreach.]

Wellb. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you took compassion on your-
self,

You long since had been mad.

Wellb. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
'To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Wellb. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Wellb. Thy religion!

The devil's creed: but what would you have done?

Mar. Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,

A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.

I am zealous in your cause: 'pray you, hang yourself;

And presently, as you love your credit.

Wellb. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?

Or, if you dare not do the fate yourself,

But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?

Or market-woman, with eggs, that you may murder,

And so despatch the business?

Wellb. Here's variety,

I must confess; but I'll accept of none

Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. If you like not hanging, drown yourself;
take some course

For your reputation.

Wellb. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,

With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.

I am as far as thou art from despair.

Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,

To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air

Will not persuade me, or to give, or lend

A token to you.

Wellb. I'll be more kind to thee.

Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Wellb. Nay, more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or, at whose cost?

Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your consorts?

Wellb. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,

Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?

With the lady of the lake; or queen of fairies?

For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Wellb. With the Lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope

Thy brain is crack'd.

Wellb. Mark there, with what respect

I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.

Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Wellb. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine own eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance, rather,

To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,

I will endure thy company.

Wellb. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Allworth, Order, Amble, and Watchall.

Allw. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve

To part from this house, and yet, I find comfort;

My attendance on my honourable lord,

Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,

Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking at the Gate. Marall and Wellborn within.*]

Mar. Dar'st thou venture farther?

Wellb. Yes, yes, and knock again.

Order. 'Tis he; disperse; 'tis Mr. Wellborn.

Fur. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt Amble and Furnace.*]

Enter Marall and Wellborn.

Order. You were long since expected.

Most welcome, sir.

Wellb. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Order. For your sake, I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. For his sake!

Wellb. Mum! this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.

Allw. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,

You'll pardon, and excuse me: for, believe me,

Tho' now I part abruptly in my service,

I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Wellb. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you.

[*Exit Allworth.*]

Enter Amble.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet

Presented one so welcome, as I know

You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;

Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dung-hill;

It cannot be a truth.

Wellb. Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,

And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.

Enter Furnace.

Fur. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure,

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible? [*Aside.*]

Wellb. What's thy will?

Fur. Marry, sir, I have some growse and turkey chicken,

Some rails and quails; and my lady will'd me to ask you,

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,

That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate!

That on my knowledge, for a most this twelve-month,

Durst wish but cheese-parings, and brown bread on Sundays.

Wellb. That way I like them best.

Fur. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit Furnace.*]

Wellb. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?

Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think:

Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter Order.

Order. This place becomes you not:

'Pray you, walk sir, to the dining room.

Wellb. I am well here,

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you!

'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Enter Woman and Chambermaid.

Wom. O sir, you are wish'd for.

Chamb. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Wom. And the first command she gave

After she rose, was to give her notice

When you approached here.

Order. Sir, my lady.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Allworth.—Salutes him.

Lady A. I come to meet you, and languish'd
till I saw you.
This first kiss for form: I allow a second,
As token of my friendship.

Mar. Heaven bless me!

Wellb. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you
please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Wellb. I shall receive it

As a most high favour. *[To Marall.]*

Lady A. Sir, your friends are welcome to me.

Wellb. Run backward from a lady! and such
a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot, is to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. *[Offers to kiss her Foot.]*

Lady A. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good e-
nough

To sit at your steward's.

Lady A. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Enter Order.

Order. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.

Lady A. Your arm, Mr. Wellborn:
Nay, keep us company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd. Mercy on me!

*[Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble,
and Marall.]*

Enter Furnace.

Order. So, we have play'd our parts, and are
come off well.

But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Mr. Wellborn
Desir'd it, may I perish!

Fur. 'Would I had
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I never met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price
on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hang-
man,

To grow rich, is too common:

But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many ser-
vants,

Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.

Order. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb
ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove
him.

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter Amble.

Amble. Ha! ha! I shall burst.

Order. Contain thyself, man.

Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amble. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table, this term-driver, Mar-
all,

This snip of an attorney.

Fur. What of him, man?

Amble. The knave stinks, and feeds so slovenly!

Fur. Is this all?

Amble. My lady

Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please Mr.
Wellborn,

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish,
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd
capon,

And pledges her in white broth.

And when I brought him wine,

He leaves his chair, and after a leg or two,

Most humbly thanks my worship.

Order. Rose already!

Amble. I shall be chid.

Enter Lady Allworth, Wellborn, and Marall.

Fur. My lady frowns.

Lady A. You attended us well.

Let me have no more of this: I observ'd your
leering.

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy

To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,

When I am present, is not your companion.

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Lady A. You are master

Of your own will. I know so much of manners

As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,

To me you are ever welcome, as to a house

That is your own.

Wellb. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,

And it like your worship.

Wellb. Trouble yourself no farther,

Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service.

However in my language I am sparing.

Come, Mr. Marall.

Mar. I attend your worship.

[Exeunt Wellborn and Marall.]

Lady A. I see in your looks you are sorry, and
you know me

An easy mistress: be merry! I have forgot all
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give
you

Farther directions. *[Exit.]*

Order. What you please.

Fur. We are ready. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Country.

Enter Wellborn and Marall.

Wellb. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good sir, the best way;

The certain best way.

Wellb. There are casualties

That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above 'em:

As you are already worshipful,

I hope, ere long, you will increase in worship,

And be right worshipful.

Wellb. Pr'thee do not flout me,

What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,

You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, and it like your worship!

I hope Jack Marall shall not live so long,

To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,

Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be covered,

When your worship's present.

Wellb. Is not this a true rogue. *[Aside.]*

That out of mere hope of a future coz'nage

Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs

no counsel:

Yet if in my desire to do you service,

I humbly offer my advice (but still

Under correction), I hope I shall not

Incur your high displeasure.

Wellb. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then in my judgment, sir, my simple
judgment,

(Still with your worship's favour) I could wish
you

A better habit, for this cannot be

But much distasteful to the noble lady

That loves you : I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I presently
Lay down at your worship's feet ; 'twill serve to
buy you

A riding suit.

Wellb. But where's the horse ?

Mar. My gelding

Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas ! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor (as I know you will be),
You may with the lease of glebe land,
Requite your vassal.

Wellb. I thank thy love ; but must make no
use of it.

What's twenty pounds ?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Wellb. Dost thou think, though I want clothes,
I could not have 'em,

For one word to my lady ?

Mar. As I know not that—

Wellb. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so
leave thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, tho' she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
To hit me in the teeth, and say she was fore'd
To buy my wedding clothes,
Or took me with a plain suit, and an ambling nag,
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell ; for thy suit touching the glebe
land,

When it is mine, 'tis thine.

Mar. I thank your worship. [*Exit Wellborn.*]
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune ! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men ;
For that is our profession. Well, well, Mr. Well-
born,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be
cheated :

Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.

[*Walks by, musing.*]

Enter Sir Giles Overreach.

Sir G. Sirrah, take my horse ;
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile ;
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.
Ha ! Marall ! is he conjuring ? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't : no matter,
So it be done. Marall !

Mar. Sir !

Sir G. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn ?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Sir G. Has he hang'd, or drown'd himself ?

Mar. No sir, he lives,

Lives once more to be made a prey to you :
And greater prey than ever.

Sir G. Art thou in thy wits ?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, has fall'n in love with him.

Sir G. With him ! What lady ?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Sir G. Thou dolt ! how darst thou speak this ?

Mar. I speak true ;

And I do so but once a year : unless

It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship :
I thank his worship.

Sir G. His worship !

Mar. As I live, sir,

I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here ; and saw when she kiss'd
him ;

And, at his request, welcom'd me too.

Sir G. Why, thou rascal,

To tell me these impossibilities :
Dine at her table ! and kiss him !

Impudent varlet ! Have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flown
open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, tho' I came—a suitor ?

And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-
born,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one into
Thy cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir ?

Or taste ? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over,
sirrah !

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving men ; and chambermaids ; for, be-
yond these,

Thou never saw'st a woman ; or, I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this, yet ?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offered
Wellborn

(I would give a crown now, I durst say his wor-
ship [*Aside.*]

My nag, and twenty pounds.

Sir G. Did you so ? [*Strikes him down.*]

Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me ?

Mar. Will your worship kill me ?

Sir G. No, no ; but drive the lying spirit out of
you.

Mar. He's gone.

Sir G. I have done, then. Now forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me tomorrow :
Be careful, not be wanting to receive him ;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Tho' they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll
thank 'em.

There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer :

But there may be a time—

[*Aside.*]

Sir G. Do you grumble ?

Mar. O no, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter Lovell and Allworth.

Lov. Drive the carriage down the hill : some-
thing in private

I must impart to Allworth.

Allw. O, my lord !

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching ;
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em.
What danger, tho' in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer :
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lov. Loving youth,

Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it : since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd,
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,

Above my merit. You have been
More like a father to me than a master.

'Pray you pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it ;
And give you assurance I'm pleas'd in't.
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passion.
Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted
—Oh !

Lov. So young, and jealous !
Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain : but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assailing you, as wealth and beauty,
And those two seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hureules.
Hippolitus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
How far is it
To Overreach's ?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding ;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. Oh that I durst but hope it ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in Sir Giles's house.

Enter Sir Giles Overreach, Greedy and Marall.

Sir G. Spare for no cost, let my dressers crack
with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, Mr.
Greedy.

Greedy. It does indeed, Sir Giles.
I do not like to see a table ill spread,
Poor, meager, just sprinkled o'er with salads,
Slie'd beef, giblets, and pigs' pettitoes.
But the substantials—Oh ! Sir Giles the substan-
tials !

The state of a fat Turkey now,
The decorum, the grandeur he marches in with.
Then his sauce, with oranges and onions,
O, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef !
O lord ! I do reverence a loin of veal !

Sir G. You shall have your will, Mr. Greedy.
And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,
Or such, whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of ; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room ; and when we wash, the water
With precious powders mix, to please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge !
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't time to think of thrift ? Call in my daughter.

Exit Marall.
And, master of justice, since you love choice
dishes,

And plenty of 'em—

Greedy. As I do indeed, sir.
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em—

Sir G. I do confer that province, with my power
Of absolute command, to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best direction. [*Sir Giles retires.*]
Now am I,

In mine own conceit, a monarch, at the least,
Arch president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked ;
I would not change my empire for the great
Mogul's,

Mercy on me, how I lack food ! my belly
Is grown together like an empty satchell.
What an excellent thing did Heaven bestow on
man,

When she did give him a good stomach !

It is of all blessings much the greatest.

I will eat often and give thanks

When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and
that's pure justice, *Exit.*

Sir G. It must be so. Should the foolish girl
prove modest,
She may spoil all ; she had it not from me,
But from her mother : I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.
Margaret !

Enter Margaret.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir ?

Sir G. Ha ! this is a neat dressing !
These orient pearls, and diamonds well plac'd too !
The gown affects me not ; it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold ;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman, the Lady Down-
fall'n !

Marg. Well for a companion :
Not as a servant.

Sir G. Is she humble, Meg ?
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten ?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Sir G. Pity her ! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tatter'd gown
(E'en starv'd for want of food), to serve thee ;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd
him,

In the country, and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways ; but for me,
I blush

When I command her that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Sir G. In birth ! Why, art thou not my daugh-
ter,

The blest child of my industry and wealth ?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not ?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thy-
self

To the noble state I labour to advance thee ;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care ; do not provoke
me.

Marg. I will not, sir ; mould me which way
you please.

Enter Greedy.

Sir G. How ! interrupted ?

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought
in, sir,

And for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it :
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dump-
ling

'Tis not worth three pence.

Sir G. 'Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out ; cook it any way—pr'ythee, leave
me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling ?

Sir G. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt : or, tell him I will scald him
In his own cauldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach,
Had I lost my mistress's dumpling ; I'll give ye
thanks for't. *Exit.*

Sir G. But to our business, Meg ; you have
heard who dines here ?

Marg. I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man.
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers ; and what's rare, is one himself ;
A bold and understanding one ; and to be
A lord, and a good leader in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up,
The kingdom's glory.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,

If I be not better obey'd.

Sir G. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks,
For which he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toast and butter.

Sir G. Cook, rogue, obey him.

I have given the word, pray you, now, remove yourself

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will; and meditate what to eat at dinner,

For my guts have been in the kitchen this half hour. *[Exit.]*

Sir G. And, as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,

I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

Sir G. I more than hope it, and doubt not to effect it.

Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.

Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;

Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.

This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop't for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?

Sir G. Virgin me no virgins.

I will have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I will have you private; start not, I say, private.

Marg. Though you can dispense
With your honour, I must guard my own.

This is not the way to make me his wife.
My modest breeding yielded up so soon,

Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight

When tempted by others: so in judgment,
When to his will I have given up my honour,

He must, and will, forsake me.

Sir G. How! forsake thee?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? Does there live a man

Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground,

Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.

Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong,

Spite of his lordship, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account; and force him,

By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour;
I have said it.

Enter Marall.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Sir G. In, without reply,
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

Exit Margaret.

Is the loud music, I gave order for,
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Sir G. Let 'em sound
A princely welcome. *[Exit Marall.]* Roughness

awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Enter Lovell, Allworth, Marall, and Greedy.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Sir G. What you are pleas'd to style so is an honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

Allw. Strange! so humble.

Sir G. A justice of peace, my lord.

[Presents Greedy to him.]

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord; and some think this is a favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. *[Aside.]*

Sir G. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,

To crown my welcome.

Sir G. May it please my lord

To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and suddenly

She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir,

[Exeunt all but Sir Giles.]

Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Enter Margaret.

How! Tears in your eyes?

Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? Meet that greatness

That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis

For me to say, my honourable daughter:

No more but be instructed, or expect—

He comes.

Enter Lovell and Greedy.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

Lov. As I live, a rare one!

Sir G. That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it: quit the room.

Exit Greedy.

A little bashful, my good lord: but you,

I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but—

Sir G. I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember—

Exit Sir Giles.

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin

Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,

Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty—

Marg. Which fore'd too much may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours:

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure, I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow;

Where every hour I may expect to fall,

But never hope firm footing. You are noble;

I of low descent, however rich.

O my good lord, I could say more, but that

I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. 'Pray you, trust my ear, then.

Enter Sir Giles Overreach, listening.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Sir G. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.

The bak'd meats are ran out, the roast turn'd powder.

Sir G. Stop your insatiate jaws, or I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;

In such a cause as this I'll die martyr.

Sir G. Disturb my lord, when he is in discourse?

Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should have been munching?

Sir G. Peace, villain! peace! shall we break a bargain

Almost made up? Vanish I say.

Thrusts Greedy off.

Lov. Lady, I understand you: Overreach.
Rest most happy in your choice. Believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives,
and bind us
Your slaves forever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am bound to that.

Lov. Now break off our conference,—*Sir Giles,*
Where is *Sir Giles*?

Enter Sir Giles Overreach, Greedy, Allworth,
and *Marall.*

Sir G. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, *Sir Giles*, and coming,
And I like her the better.

Sir G. So do I too.

Lov. Yet, should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm
her?

With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

Sir G. With all my soul.—A towardly gentleman!

Your hand, good Mr. Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.

Allw. 'Twas still shut till now. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Well done, well done, my honourable
daughter,

Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Sir G. What noise?

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

Lady A. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends! for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the Lady Allworth?

Sir G. And thus attended!

Mar. No, I am a dolt;
the spirit of lies had entered me!
Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, who salutes Margaret.

Sir G. Peace, patch,
'Tis more than wonder, an astonishment
That does possess me wholly.

Lov. Noble Lady,
This is a favour to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

Lady A. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much
hop'd

You would have made my poor house your first
inn:

And therefore, doubting that you might forget
me,

Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequal beauty, for your stay;

And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me,
madam,

Of words to give you thanks.

Lady A. Good *Sir Giles Overreach*! [*Salutes him.*

How dost thou, *Marall*? Lik'd you my meat so ill?
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will when you please,
And it like your ladyship.

Lady A. When you please, Mr. Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied;
And now, my lord, pray take into your know-
ledge

This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
Presents Wellborn.

His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutr'd; or what taint soe'er,
For his wild life has stuck upon his fame;
He may, ere long, with boldness rank himself
With some that have condemn'd him. *Sir Giles*

Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Sir G. My nephew!

He hath been too long a stranger: 'faith you
have.

Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring with Wellborn.*

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself, no man of
worship,

Much less your nephew.

Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for it.

Wellb. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear and help them. [*Bell rings.*

Sir G. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. 'Pray you, lead, we follow.

Lady A. Nay, you are my guest? Come, dear
Mr. Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*

Greedy. Dear Mr. Wellborn! so she said; Heav'n!
heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could rumi-
nate

All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the
shire,

To Nottingham jail! and now, dear Mr. Well-
born!

And my good nephew!—But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Enter Marall.

Are they set, *Marall*?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold
with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being too full, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you have broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in com-
mission

Give place to a tatterdemallion!

Mar. No big words, sir.
Should his worship hear you—

Greedy. Loose my dumpling too;
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,
And sit with the waiting woman, you'll have
dumpling,

Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me :

I will gorge there sufficiently.

Enter Sir Giles Overreach, as from dinner.

Sir G. She's caught ! O woman ! she neglect my lord,

And all her compliments apply to Wellborn !

The garment of her widowhood laid by,

She now appears as glorious as the spring.

Her eyes fix'd on him ; in the wine she drinks,

He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,

She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks ;

And, if in our discourse he be but nam'd,

From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I

At this ? It makes for me ; if she prove his,

All that is hers, is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Sir G. No matter, I'll excuse it ; pr'ythee, Marall, watch an occasion to invite my nephew To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who, the rogue,
The lady scorn'd to look on ?

Sir G. Hold your peace !

My good lord,

Excuse my manners.

Enter Lovell, Margaret, and Allworth.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles ;

I may ere long say father, when it please

My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Sir G. She shall seal to it my lord, and make me happy.

Marg. My lady—

Enter Wellborn and Lady Allworth.

Lady A. My thanks, Sir Giles,
for my entertainment.

Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

Lady A. I must do you a farther wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam : farewell good Sir Giles.

Lady A. Nay, come, Mr. Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Sir G. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once.
Let my nephew stay behind : he shall have my coach,

And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady A. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. You shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page. [*To Margaret.*]

Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and Marall.*]

Sir G. Daughter, to your chamber.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I shall desire your friendship.

Wellb. So I do, sir :

'Tis strange to me.

Sir G. But I'll make it no wonder :

And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,

Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet

Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom ;

As I must yield, with you I practis'd it :

But now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will, assist you. This rich lady

(And I am glad off't) is enamour'd of you.

Wellb. No such thing :

Compassion, rather, sir.

Sir G. Well, in a word,

Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen

No more in this base shape ; nor shall she say,

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Wellb. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour !

[*Aside.*]

Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,

In pawn ; I will redeem 'em : and, that no clamour

May taint your credit for your debts,

You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,

And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Wellb. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Sir G. As it is, nephew.

Wellb. Binds me still your servant.

Sir G. No compliments ; you are staid for : ere you've supp'd,

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves ! for my nephew :

Tomorrow I will visit you.

Wellb. Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes ? how much they do belie you,

That say you are hard hearted !

Sir G. My deeds, nephew,

Shall speak my love ; what men report, I weigh not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I—A Chamber in Lady Allworth's House.

Lovell and Allworth discovered.

Lov. 'Tis well. I now discharge you
From farther service. Mind your own affairs ;
I hope they will prove successful.

Allw. What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.

Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd ; for I want language

To speak my debt : yet if a tear or two

Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply

My tongue's defects, I could—

Lov. Nay, do not melt :

This ceremonial of thanks to me's superfluous.

Sir G. [*Within.*] Is my lord stirring ?

Lov. 'Tis he ! Oh, here's your letter ; let him in.

Enter Sir Giles, Greedy, and Marall.

Sir G. A good day to my lord.

Lov. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Sir G. And reason, to attend to your lordship.

Lov. And you too, Mr. Greedy, up so soon ?

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep ; for I have a foolish stomach,
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,

I have a serious question to demand

Of my worthy friend, Sir Giles.

Lov. 'Pray you, use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and 'pray you, answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be,
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady Allworth's ?

Sir G. Why, some four miles.

Greedy. How ! four miles, good Sir Giles ?

Upon your reputation think better ;

For four miles riding

Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite

As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride

Or go a-foot, you are that way still provided,
And it please your worship.

Sir G. How now, sirrah ! prating

Before my lord ! no difference ? go to my nephew,

See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship

To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too. [Exit Marall.

Lov. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Sir G. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.

Sweet Mr. Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry To her presence, I warrant you; and there plead For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham; get a license,

Still, by this token. I'll have it despatch'd,

And suddenly, my lord: that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman; get your breakfast.

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you;

And that abundantly.

Sir G. Some fury's in that gut:

Hungry again? Did you not devour this morning

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,

A kind of preparative.

I am no camelion, to feed on air; but love

To see the board well spread,

Groaning under the heavy burden of the beast

That cheweth the cud, and the fowl

That cleaveth the air. Come, young gentleman,

I will not have you feed alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer.

[Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.

Sir G. To my wish, we're private,

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,

In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have

One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Sir G. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?

It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,

To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air, And well built; and she, that's mistress of it, Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress?

It may be so for a time; but let my lord

Say only, that he but like it, and would have it, I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible!

Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,

Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone The lady Allworth's lands; for those, once Well-born's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,) Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's In all the shire, and say they lie convenient, And useful for your lordship, and once more I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.

My fame and credit are more dear to me,

Than to expose 'em to be censur'd by

The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no bazard;

Your reputation, shall stand as fair

In all good men's opinions, as now:

Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,

Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.

For though I do condemn report myself,

As a mere sound; I still will be so tender

Of what concerns you in all points of honour,

That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,

Nor your unquestioned integrity,

Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot;

All my ambition is to have my daughter

Right honourable, which my lord can make her:

And might I live to dance upon my knee

A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,

I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations

And curses of whole families, made wretched

By such practices?

Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,

When foamy billows split themselves against

Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,

When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and like these

Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,

If called into the field, I can make that right,

Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.

Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's cries,

And undone orphans wash with tears my thresh-

hold,

I only think what 'tis, to have my daughter

Right Honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,

Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,

Or the least sting of conscience.

In one word, therefore,

Is it a match, my lord?

Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.

Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,

Shall make me study aught but your advancement

One story higher. An earl! if gold can do it.

Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,

Though I am borne thus headlong to my will;

You may make choice of what belief you please,

To me thy are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[Exit.

Lov. He's gone; I wonder how the earth can bear

Such a monster! I, that have liv'd a soldier,

And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,

To hear this horrid beast, I'm bath'd all over

In a cold sweat; yet, like a mountain, he

Is no more shaken than Olympus is,

When angry Boreas loads his double bead

With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady Allworth.

Lady A. 'Save you, my lord.

Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;

For your own sake, I am glad you came no sooner.

Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,

Made such a plain discovery of himself,

And read this morning such a devilish mattins,

That I should think it a sin, next to his,

But to repeat it.

Lady A. I ne'er press'd, my lord,

On other's privacies; yet, against my will,

Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery

Adjoining to our lodgings, I was made

(So loud and vehement he was) partaker

Of his tempting offers. But,

My good lord, if I may use my freedom,

As to an honour'd friend—

Lov. You lessen else

Your favour to me.

Lady A. I dare then say thus:
(However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims), 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame and honour.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?

Lady A. This, my lord: I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot,
With all she brings with her fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Well-
born's,

(How wrong from both needs no repetition.)
Were real motives, that more work'd your lord-
ship

To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do, sweet madam;
And long since have consider'd it.
And this my resolution, mark me, madam;
Were Overreach's 'states thrice centupled; his
daughter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

Lady A. Why then, my lord, pretend you mar-
riage to her?

Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you hitherto
Have measured all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have
you,
That since your husband's death have liv'd a
strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given your-
self

To visits and entertainments? Think you, ma-
dam,

'Tis not grown public conference? or the fa-
vours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on Well-
born,
Incur not censure?

Lady A. I am innocent here; and, on my life,
I swear

My ends are good.

Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And now this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other farther; you have shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you.
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady A. Affected modesty might deny your
suit,

But such your honour; I accept it, lord.

My tongue unworthy can't belie my heart.

I shall attend your lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Landscape before Tapwell's
House.

Enter Tapwell and Froth.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel,
Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not Master
Marall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command
us

(On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure)
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;

But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy (since he fill'd his belly)
At his commandment to do any thing;
Wo, wo to us.

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands:
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods:
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would be-
lieve him,

And then his information could not hurt us:

But now he is right worshipful again,

Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks

I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,

And my hand hissing (if I 'scape the halter)

With the letter R printed upon it.

Froth. 'Would that were the worst!

That were but nine days wonder: as for credit,
We have none to loose; but we shall lose the
money

He owes us, and his custom; there's the worst
on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the
drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. He deserves it

More than ten pageants. But are you sure his
worship

Comes this way to my lady's?

[A Cry Within, Brave Mr. Wellborn!]

Tap. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and pre-
sent it

To his good grace.

Enter Wellborn, in a rich Habit; Greedy, Mar-
all, Amble, Order, Furnace, and Three Credi-
tors; Tapwell, kneeling, delivers his Bill of
Debt.

Wellb. How's this! petition'd too?

But note what miracles the payment of

A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,

Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,

I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,

You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

Wellb. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known

Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Wellb. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch,

And for my admittance.

[In this Interim, Tapwell and Froth flat-
tering and bribing Justice Greedy.

(Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of) I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Wellb. Fear him not.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife
brought me

Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your
worship

But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with Mr. Wellborn?

I can do any thing with him, on such terms—

See you this honest couple? they are good souls

As ever drew out spigot; have they not

A pair of honest faces?

Wellb. I o'erheard you,

And the bribe he promis'd; you are cozen'd in
them;

For of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,

This for a most unthankful knave, and this

For a base quean, have worse deserv'd;

And therefore speak not for them. By your
place,

You are rather to do me justice; lend me your
ear,

Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,

And every season I will send you venison,
Shall feast a mayor and the corporation.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden

In my opinion—Mum! my passion is great!

I fry like a burnt marrowbone—Come nearer, rascal.

And now I view him better, did you e'er see One look so like an arch knave? his very countenance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,

Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap and Froth. Worshipful sir!

Greedy. No; though the great Turk came instead of turkeys,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,

Or any esculent, as the learned call it,

For their emolument, but sheer drink only.

For which gross fault, I here do damn thy license,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;

For instantly, I will, in mine own person,

Command the constable to pull down thy sign;

And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish.

If I show any, may my promis'd venison choke me.

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth.*]

Wellb. Speak; what are you?

1 Cred. A decayed vintner, sir,

That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke me,

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,

And five pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,

When you lodged upon the bankside.

Wellb. I remember.

1 Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;

And therefore, sir—

Wellb. Thou art an honest fellow:

I'll set thee up again: see this bill paid.

What are you?

2 Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.

I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,

Which was all my stock; but you failing in payment,

I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd Under a stall.

Wellb. See him paid; and botch no more.

2 Cred. I ask no interest, sir.

Wellb. Such tailors need not:

If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,

They are seldom losers.

See all men else discharg'd;

And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,

A little bounty will not misbecome me.

Pray you, on before.

I'll attend you at dinner.

Greedy. For Heaven's sake, don't stay long;

It is almost ready.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Order, Furnace Amble, and Creditors.*]

Wellb. Now, Mr. Marall, what's the weighty secret,

You promis'd to impart?

Mar. Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance;

This only in a word: I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds: which you must not consent to.

As he grows in heat (as I am sure he will)

Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt

Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land:

I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)

When you were defeated of it.

Wellb. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve then—urge him to produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him, Which I know he'll have about him to deliver To the Lord Lovell.

I'll instruct you farther,

As I wait on your worship; if I play not my part To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,

Hang up Jack Marall.

Wellb. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in Sir Giles's House.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's

Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,

I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;

For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.

I make but payment of a debt, to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,

Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest;

Yet, when I call to mind, how many fair ones

Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,

To fill the arms of greatness;

And you, with matchless virtue, thus to hold out,

Against the stern authority of a father,

And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;

I am so tender of your good, that I can hardly

Wish myself that right you are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. To me what's title when content is wanting?

Or wealth, when the heart pines

In being disposposs'd of what it longs for?

Or the smooth brow

Of a pleas'd sire, that slaves me to his will?

And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted

By my obedience, and he see me great,

Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power

To make her own election.

Allw. But the dangers

That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing:

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.

Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me;

A tear or two by you drop'd on my hearse,

In sorrow for my fate, will call back life,

So far as but to say, that I die yours,

I then shall rest in peace.

Allw. Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me!

Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,

Show so much rigour. But since we must run

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best

To steer between them.

Marg. Lord Lovell is your friend;

And, though but a young actor, second me,

In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter Sir Giles Overreach.

The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth.

Allw. To your letter, and put on a seeming

anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title,

And, when, with terms not taking from his honour

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him:

But in this peremptory, nay, commanding, way,

T'appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge;

A priest to tie the knot, can ne'er be undone

Till death unloose it, is a confidence

In his lordship that will deceive him.

Allw. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me,

I must take a safe and secure course; I have

A father, and without his full consent,

Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Sir G. I like this obedience.

But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be Accepted and embrac'd. [*Aside.*—Sweet Mr. Allworth,

You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg! are these looks to receive

A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions.

[*Sir Giles reads the letter.*

Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tend'ring them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.

Sir G. Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!

Will you still be one? In the name of madness, what

Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two
That are already offer'd?

What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,

Not hurried away i'th' night, I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour,
(For so before tomorrow I must style you,)
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion on my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Sir G. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Mr. Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums. In the meantime
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Gotham, and call'd Parson Well-do:

'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refus'd,
Were such a stain upon me—If you please, sir,
Your presence would be better.

Sir G. Still perverse?

I say again, I will not cross my lord,
Yet I'll prevent you too—Paper and ink there.

Allw. I can furnish you.

Sir G. I thank you, I can write then.

[*Writes on his Book.*

Allw. You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord,

In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Sir G. Well advis'd. [*Margaret kneels.*

'Tis done: away—my blessing, girl! thou hast it.

Nay, no reply—begone, good Mr. Allworth;
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

Allw. I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

Sir G. Farewell. Now all's cocksure.
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well tonight? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquet?
(This is state in ladies) or my eldest son
To be her page, to wait upon her?—

My ends, my ends are compass'd! then for Well-born

And the lands; were he once married to the widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit.*

ACT. V.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lovell and Lady Allworth.

Lady A. By this you know how strong the motives were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent the action,
For he, that ventur'd all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy: which had I
Coyly, or over curiously deny'd,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceas'd.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;

For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have us'd to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,

Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,

On my knowledge they equal.

Lady A. Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded. To deceive

Sir Giles (that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings) were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms

The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreach'd.

Lady A. May be so.

The young ones have my warmest wishes.

Lov. O, gentle lady, let them prove kind to me
You've kindly heard—now grant my suit.
What say you, lady?

Lady A. Troth, my lord,

My own unworthiness may answer for me ;
For had you, when I was in my prime,
Presented me with this great favour,
I could not but have thought it as a blessing,
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest.

In a word,
Our years, our states, our births, are not unequal.
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady A. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it ; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched !

Lady A. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her, that cannot doubt—You are welcome,
sir.

Enter Wellborn.

Now you look like yourself.

Wellb. And will continue that I am,
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to demand
it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes
you ;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

Lady A. For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle ?

Wellb. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marall : he's grown into strange
passions
About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship, at his house ; but, missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. I hope my project took

Lady A. I strongly hope.

Sir G. [Without.] Ha ! find her, booby ; thou
huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Wellb. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing.—
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me.

[Exit.]

Enter Overreach, drawing in Marall.

Sir G. I shall sol fa you, rogue !

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus ?

Sir G. Cause, slave ! why, I am angry ;
And thou a subject only fit for beating ;
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing ;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry 'quittance ;
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [Aside.]

Sir G. Lady, by your leave, did you see my
daughter, lady ?
And the lord her husband ? Are they in your
house ?

If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy :
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand.

Lady A. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it ;
But, in the meantime,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Sir G. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew !

Wellb. Well.

Sir G. No more !

Wellb. 'Tis all I owe you.

Sir G. Have your redeem'd rags

Made you thus insolent ?

Wellb. Insolent to you ? [In scorn.]

Why, what are you, sir, unless in years, more
than myself ?

Sir G. His fortune swells him :

'Tis rank—he's married.

Lady A. This is excellent !

Sir G. Sir, in calm language (though I seldom
use it),

I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage ; Do you hear ? of a stolen
marriage ;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been
cozen'd.

I name no parties. [Lady Allworth turns away.]

Wellb. Well, sir ; and what follows ?

Sir G. Marry, this : since you are peremptory,
remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds ; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robe, to the jail ; you
know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Wellb. Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise ? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else ?

Sir G. End me no ends ; engage the whole es-
tate,

And force your spouse to sign it : you shall have
Three or four thousand more to roar and swag-
ger,

And revel in bawdy taverns.

Wellb. And beg after :

Mean you not so ?

Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.

Shall I have security ?

Wellb. No, indeed, you shall not :

Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgement.

Your great looks fright not me.

Sir G. But my deeds shall.—

Out-brav'd ! [They both draw.]

Enter Two Servants.

Lady A. Help ! murder ! murder !

Wellb. Let him come on ;

With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut throat practices to guard him ;
The right I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field !

Lady A. You may ; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Sir G. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed.

Wellb. This rage is vain, sir ;

For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands
full,

Upon the least incitement : and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds ;
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Sir G. I in thy debt ! oh, impudence ! Did I
not purchase

The land left by thy father ? that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents ; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of ? Is not here
The deed that does confirm it mine ?

Mar. Now, now !

Wellb. I do acknowledge none ; I ne'er pass'd
o'er

Such land : I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust : which, if you do discharge

Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest (as I doubt it),
Must, of necessity, follow.

Lady A. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Sir G. Good, good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but, when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in a humbler key, and sue for favor.

Wellb. Let despair first seize me.

Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make
thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie—I draw out
The precious evidence: If thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory—see, here's that will make
My interest clear.

[Shows the Deed out of his Pocket.

Ha!—

Lady A. A fair skin of parchment!

Wellb. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How, thunderstruck!
Is this your precious evidence? Is this that makes
Your interest clear?

Sir G. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy was this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust,
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There's a statute for you which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle;

[Throws away the deed.

Yes there is.

And now 'tis better thought; for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Wellb. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Sir G. Marall?

Mar. Sir!

Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead,
[Fluttering him.

Your testimony.

Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know you will swear any thing, to dash
This cunning slight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stands in law
For a dozen witnesses; the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my
title:

Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! No, I assure you.
I have a conscience not scar'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Sir G. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Sir G. My own varlet
Rebel against me?

Mar. Yes, and unease you too.
The idiot! the patch! the slave! the booby!
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise? your football, or
Th' unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge,
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots; level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Lady A. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Sir G. O, that I had thee in my gripe, I would
tear thee
Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off; and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge what ways
And devilish practices you us'd to cozen with.

Wellb. [Keep between them.] All will come out.

Sir G. But that I will live, rogue, to torture
thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die;
I play the fool, and make my anger but ridicu-
lous.

There will be a time, and place, there will be,
cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Wellb. I think so:

You dare do any ill; yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Sir G. They are words I know not,
No e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.—After these storms,
At length a calm appears.

Enter Greedy and Parson Welldo.

Welcome, most welcome:

There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Welldo. Married? yes, I assure you!

Sir G. Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the title drown'd
Of my right honourable, right honourable
daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting, at least for a
month!

Sir G. Instantly be here?

[Whispering to Welldo.

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot
against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up; that condemn'd
me;

Think on't, and tremble. [Loud Music.] They
come, I hear the music.

A lane there!

Make way there for my lord.

[Music.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your bless-
ing with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,

[Kneels.

Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is so strongly fasten'd.
Not to dwell too long on words,
This is my husband,

Sir G. How!

Allw. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage
With every circumstance are past.
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may
say
Your dutiful daughter.

Sir G. Devil! are they married?

Welldo. Do a father's part, and say Heaven give
them joy!

Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak
quickly.

Or thou art dead.

Welldo. They are married.

Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends
Than these.—My brain turns!

Welldo. Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Sir G. It cannot;

Nor will I ever believe it: 'sdeath! I will not.
That I, that in all passages I touch'd

At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps; should be gull'd by chil-
dren!

Baffled and fool'd; and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Wellb. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Sir G. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not
waste

A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which wretched I gave to thee.

[Offers to kill Margaret.

Lov. Hold, for your own sake !
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left
you

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost
here,

Can leave no hopes for peace or rest hereafter ?

Sir G. Lord ! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy council ; and again desire thee,
As thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and
change

Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

Wellb. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Sir G. Are you pale ?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both.

Say, they were a squadron
Of pikes lined through with shot ; when I am
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them ?
No : I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his Sword, sheathed.

I'll fall to execution.—Ha ! I am feeble :
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't ; and my sword,
Glew'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans'
tears,

Will not be drawn. [Servants hold him.

Ha ! what are these ?—Sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag
me

Before the judgment seat.—Now, they are new
shapes,

And do appear like furies, with steel whips,
To scourge my ulcerous soul : Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield ? No : spite of fate
I will be forc'd to hell like to myself ;
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—

[Dragged off by Order and Amble.

Mar. It's brave sport !

Greedy. Brave sport ? I'm sure it has ta'en
away my stomach.

I do not like the sauce !

Allw. Nay, weep not, my dearest,

[To Margaret.

Though it express your pity ! what's decreed
Above, you cannot alter.]

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
(An't please your worship) to make the deed
nothing.

Wellb. I pray thee discover, what cunning
Means you us'd to raze out the conveyance.

Mar. Certain minerals I us'd.

Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows : and that was the induce-
ment

To this conundrum.

If it please your worship

To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd
me

To urge you to drown or hang yourself ;

I'll do the like to him if you command me.

Wellb. You are a rascal. He that dares be
false

To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true

To any other. Look not for reward,

Or favour from me ; I will shun thy sight,

As I would do a basilisk's.

Greedy. I'll commit him,

If you'll have me, sir.

Wellb. Not a word,

But instantly be gone.

[Exit Marall.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked
men ;

That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take
comfort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians

In his distraction : and for your land, Mr. Well-
born,

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire

Between you, and this the undoubted heir

Of Sir Giles Overreach : for me, here's the an-
chor

That I must fix on.

[Takes Lady Allworth's hand.

Allw. What you shall determine,

My lord, I will allow of.

Wellb. It is a time of action ; if your lordship

Will please to confer a company upon me

In your command, I doubt not, in my service,

To my king and country, but I shall do some-
thing

That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,

And you lov'd for the motion.

Wellb. Nothing wants then

[To the Audience.

But your allowance—and, in that, our all

Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,

Nor even the comedy itself is free,

Without your manumission. That

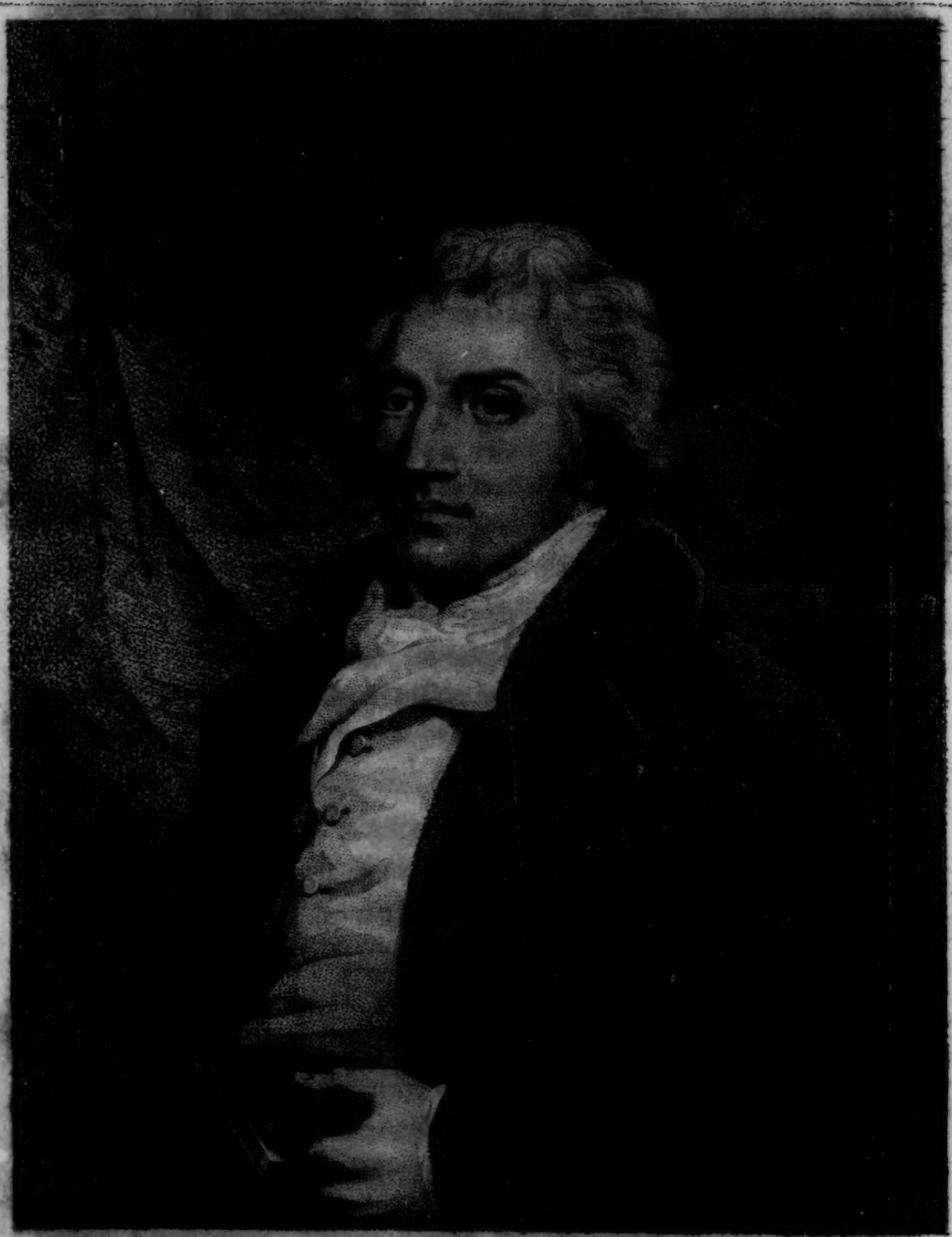
Obtain'd,

Our utmost wish we hold, and from the store

Of ancient wit, produce one genius more ;

While honest Massinger himself, to night

Shall teach our modern witlings how to write.



William Lippard

son of "Lippard of the new country" was a native of Vermont